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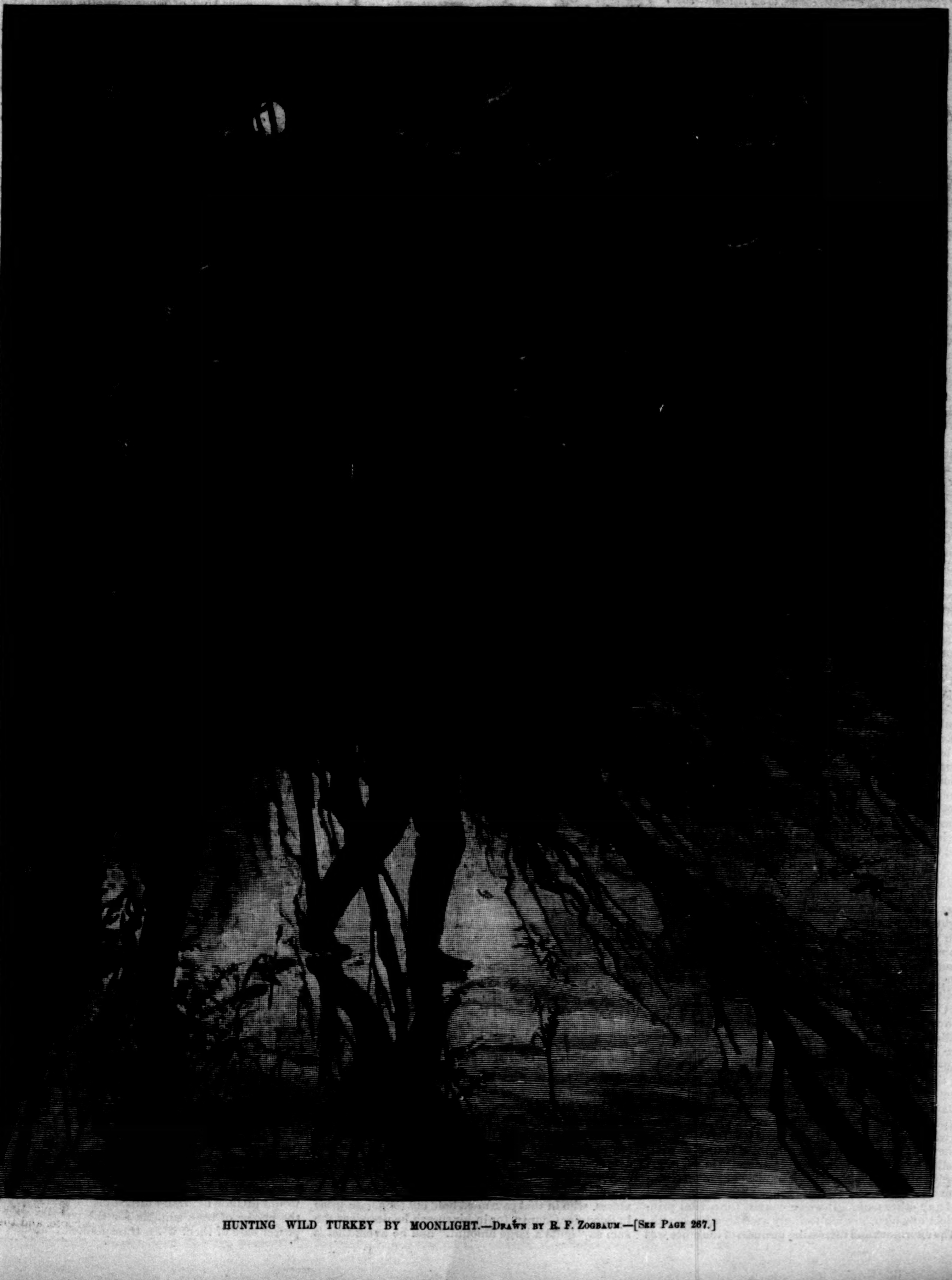

HUNTING WILD TURKEY BY MOONLIGHT.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

MOTLEY'S LETTERS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., Author of "The History of the United Netherlands," "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," etc. Edited by George William Curtis. With Portrait. In Two Volumes. Vol. I., pp. x, 396. Vol. II., pp. x, 424. Royal 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges, Gilt Top, $7.00. (*In a box.*)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, April 6, 1889.

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POSTMASTER PEARSON'S EXPLANATION.

MR. PEARSON, the Postmaster at New York, has been so long attacked and in such detail for his official conduct that he has at length made a careful and conclusive reply. The attack proceeds from a combination of employés, of some who have been dismissed, and of politicians of high and low degree both in New York and in Washington. The reason of the assault has been long obvious. Mr. Pearson is a Republican in political sympathy, but he is also a public officer who knows no politics and no party in the management of the chief post-office in the country. Finding him at its head, and fully agreeing with his views of the proper administration of such an office, President Cleveland, after satisfying himself of the falsity of certain persistent accusations, reappointed Mr. Pearson, and in so doing courageously lifted the New York Post-office out of politics. No President since the national disgrace began of a universal loot of the civil service with every party change of administration had shown such executive independence as Mr. Cleveland in this act. It was a defiance of machine and spoils politics which the machines of both parties at once understood to be by far the most significant, and to spoils politics the most dangerous, act of reform. Its result, if unarrested, would be ultimately fatal to machines based upon patronage, because it would show that a partisan change in such offices was not necessary, and public opinion would become too strong to tolerate the general political dislocation of the service with every new administration, and the debauchery and degradation of politics by which spoils politicians live.

From the moment of Mr. Pearson's reappointment, therefore, he was the object of the most determined machine hostility and opposition on both sides. As his statement shows, from the Department, through Congress, down to the local henchmen of the machines, there has been a continuous effort to obstruct, annoy, and exasperate him by refusing his official requests and by incessant and plausible calumny. Misrepresentations of his conduct and every kind of base device were employed to force him into a false position and to foster prejudice against him. The public would be surprised if it should learn the details of this prolonged and unyielding hostility of the great and powerful venal interest of party, which felt instinctively that in fighting the Postmaster of New York it was fighting for its own life. His official destruction was the common cause of both party machines. Their immediate agents were subordinates who organized themselves as a branch or a group of Knights of Labor, and thus, acting secretly under the lead of active politicians, threatened the Department and members of Congress, if their demands were disregarded, with the wrath of the "labor" vote. Whoever is familiar with politics and politicians will understand the manner in which all this was managed. Fortunately the cause of an honest public service, administered solely in the interest of the people, had been intrusted to a thoroughly competent officer and resolute man, whose character, convictions, temperament, knowledge, and experience peculiarly qualified him for his task. The great body of his subordinates stood by him faithfully. They felt that his cause was theirs. If he was compelled by the conduct of others to require much of his assistants, he gave them the example of his own entire devotion. He gave more time and labor than he asked of any other man. It was a contest for a vital principle to which he unfalteringly sacrificed his health. The enormous and increasing business of the office was transacted to the entire public satisfaction. There was no public complaint of any kind, but there was an incessant secret detraction. Apart from allegations of favoritism and injustice proceeding from dismissed and hostile subordinates, allegations which the character and previous career of Mr. Pearson totally discredited, there was no definite or tangible charge except that of cruel exaction of extraordinary labor from the letter-carriers.

To this charge Mr. Pearson makes in reply a careful and detailed statement of the facts. He does not deny hardships, but he denies that he was justly responsible for them, alleging, what is undeniable, that his efforts to secure relief from the proper superior authorities were unremitting. If he required much of others, he gave everything himself, and he throws the blame, where undoubtedly it belongs, upon the Post-office Department, managed by politicians for political purposes. Had Mr. Pearson permitted himself to be forced out of the New York Post-office, it would have been undoubtedly put back into politics. This evidently was the object of those who constantly thwarted him. His conduct of the office brought the whole spoils system into contempt. It showed it in its true light, as absurd and unnecessary, and could the party machines have driven him from his position, it would have been a serious public misfortune. Mr. Pearson's statement is necessarily *ex parte.* But, as with all personal explanations, its value is derived from the character of the person who makes it, and no one who knows him will doubt its absolute truthfulness. Whether he be reappointed or not, his great public service will remain. In the most important office of its kind in the entire civil administration he has demonstrated against tremendous odds the practicability and value of the reform to which the Republican party solemnly pledged itself in the event of success, and riveted the pledge by the declaration that it should not be violated. Mr. Pearson has conducted his office upon the principles which the Republican platform declares should govern the entire service, and which the best opinion of the country approves. The Democratic machine was unable under President Cleveland to control the office. The Republican machine is pushing desperately under President Harrison to capture it. Success would be now, as it would have been then, a public misfortune.

BOODLE POLITICS.

The ceiling investigation at Albany is not only the chief and important part in the annals of this year's legislation in New York, but it is a most timely and instructive commentary upon boodle politics, to which public attention is thoroughly aroused. Mr. Ainsworth's statement to the effect that General Harrison would not have been elected except for the ceiling job is now supplemented by the explanation of Speaker Cole that

> "along about the 1st of November the State Committee, in its kindness, in its generosity, realizing the fact, I presume, that I was in the native county of Governor Hill, that we have a *large vote that is questionable*, sent *quite a large amount of money into that county.* Of course, my friends, perhaps that was not a wise thing. Perhaps it was not a wise thing for me to be *the receiver of that money.* Yet I have explained the facts. I have withheld nothing; I have told Mr. Seward and the other attorney the places where that money came from. It came from Republicans high up in official life; it came, a large part of it, almost all of it, with the exception of a few hundred dollars, from the State Committee; and yet they say that should be explained."

Certainly it should be explained, and for the very reason that Speaker Cole gave in his speech at the opening of the session:

> "Never before in the history of our politics, since our patriot fathers established the Union and consecrated it to freedom, has money played so important, unblushing, and corrupt a part in the election of government officials."

The Speaker explains that when he spoke of a vote that is questionable he meant a vote which is indifferent, and which can be brought out only by the excitement of bands, and by providing carriages to bring them to the polls, and that it was for such legitimate expenses the money was used. Mr. Wanamaker is reported to have said that he didn't care how the money was used, knowing that it would be properly used by Mr. Quay.

Yet the Philadelphia *American*, the organ of one of President Harrison's earliest and stanchest friends, says of Mr. Quay:

> "When the President appoints a dispenser and disposer of 'patronage' in any State, and takes as his appointee a person of Mr. Quay's qualities and record, he abandons the duties for whose discharge he was elected, and he commits them to hands which practically are raised against the virtue and honor of the government. What worse thing could he do?"

Mr. Wanamaker may perhaps plead political inexperience and ignorance of "wicked partners." But Speaker Cole is not new in politics, and he knows, as everybody else knows, that the moral standards of a State Committee in the management of elections are not the standards of what the late Mr. Smyth described as Sunday-school politics. Mr. Cole, however, says distinctly to a reporter of the *Tribune* that the sum was too insignificant for the purchase of voters, who in that case must hold out for a high price in Schuyler County, for in his speech he describes the sum as "quite a large amount," and he avers that it was disbursed for "legitimate expenses of the campaign," which he defines. That the enormous sums raised in the late campaign, however, were devoted to legitimate expenses is not believed out of Schuyler County. Mr. Cole's word in regard to his own conduct in the affair ought certainly to be accepted until it is invalidated by something else than presumption. But he will see that $4000, which came too late for many bands of music, is a large sum for carriages to convey "questionable" voters to the polls in a country county. Mr. Cole can settle the question conclusively by simply stating the items of his disbursement.

The painful necessity of such an explanation as that made by the Speaker of the New York Assembly is another illustration not only of the perilous mercenary tendencies of politics, but also and happily of an aroused public sentiment. The Republican party, as the champion of the extreme protection of certain industrial interests, and as the contributor of an enormous sum of money wholly beyond any requirement of legitimate election expenses, and of whose disbursement no account is rendered—money expended by Messrs. Quay, Dudley, and others whose records upon the subject of such expenditures are public and familiar—is a party under suspicion and on the defensive. Questions of the tariff and of the fisheries and of Samoa are of no importance whatever in comparison with the question of wholesale corruption at the polls. Governor Gordon, of Georgia, interviewed by a reporter of the *World*, says:

> "I know nothing about Mr. Cole's case, but I have a very decided opinion in regard to the use of money in controlling elections. My profound conviction is that this country is in more danger from the efforts that have grown common in the last few years to purchase votes in controlling elections than from any other source. I do not see a remedy, but all the powers of the government, State and Federal, legislative, judicial, and executive, ought to be used to break down this vile and growing practice. The charge that the negro vote is suppressed at the South, if it were true, ought to give to the patriotic thinking men of the country far less concern for the future of the republic than this habit of depending upon accumulated money to decide the question of who shall make our laws and what these laws shall be."

One wrong does not palliate or excuse another, but Governor Gordon does not overestimate the peril. A new view of it is presented by Mr. Philip A. Bruce in his little work, which is well worth attention, *The Plantation Negro as a Freeman.* Mr. Bruce says that the late administration having proved to the freedman that he is in no danger of re-enslavement by the Democratic party, he is now peculiarly accessible to bribery. In no country, he thinks, would it be possible to find so large a vote open to venal influences as among the Southern colored voters, in consequence of the loss of apprehension which is now observable. If this be true, it is another exceedingly suggestive fact. Meanwhile, that a happy comic aspect of the question may not be wanting, Tammany Hall protests against the imputation of venality to our politics. This is delightful, and Mr. Dudley and his friends should be immediately made honorary Tammany Sachems in blocks of five.

ARBOR DAY.

Mr. Draper, the New York Superintendent of Public Instruction, calls attention to the fact that the first observance of Arbor Day in this State will occur this year on the 3d of May. The day is now observed almost universally in the States and Territories. It is a pleasant sign of an interest in the tasteful decoration and circumstance of life, like the growth and popularity of Village Improvement Societies. The necessity of such an interest, and of prompt, intelligent, and resolute action upon the subject, has been plainly demonstrated and strongly urged in *Garden and Forest*—a journal which is a true leader upon all such subjects. The object of Arbor Day is not only to provide shade trees, but to emphasize the fact that such provision is indispensable to the welfare of the State. The day is already observed with great attention in many of the Western States, and South Carolina devotes a week to tree-planting every year. In some New England villages the citizens devote a day in the early spring to trimming the grass borders in the streets and to the care of the trees. The general observance of Arbor Day will quicken this disposition, and its reflex effect will be salutary.

In New York it is hoped that the school authorities will co-operate heartily in regard for a day upon which the school grounds will be beautified. The care necessary to protect the trees will teach the children a certain respect for them, which it is most desirable to inculcate, as arresting the carelessness which leads to the mischievous devastation that imposes a serious loss upon every community. The beneficent and elevating influence of a proper regard for every form of animate and vegetable life is so great that its promotion is in every way to be encouraged. Superintendent Draper is fully alive to the various advantages of this simple and beautiful care for the trees, and he proposes to issue a programme of exercises suitable for Arbor Day. This would include naturally directions for transplanting, the choice of trees suitable for the purpose, and the proper care of them when transplanted. He takes a happy hint from the custom of commemorating the birthdays of distinguished persons by planting trees which are named for them, and he suggests that in the same way the trees which are planted upon Arbor Day may be named fitly for famous scholars and teachers and celebrated persons of every kind, together with special benefactors of the town or the schools, or justly favorite pupils.

The literary exercises upon the occasion, it seems to us, should be very simple and appropriate. Passages from the authors who have written most pleasantly of trees and of nature in general might be selected with intelligent care and read aloud. Such a poem, for instance, as Bryant's "Planting of the Apple-tree" would be a very appropriate selection. Tennyson's "Talking Oak" and "Brook" are also illustrations of good reading for such an occasion, and they would tend also to develop an interest in literature as vitally related to life, which would quicken a true literary taste in many a young mind. Appropriate songs to be sung around the trees would be also of service, and altogether the day would quickly become one of the pleasantest and most significant of holidays. The care which Mr. Draper has shown for the due observance of Arbor Day, in which the schools have a special interest, is another illustration of the disposition which so peculiarly qualifies him for his position.

JOHN BRIGHT.

The tribute of the American press to John Bright is one of unmingled eulogy. None of his European contemporaries was so dear to the American heart, and no man not a native of this country was so distinctively American. He was one of the great historic Englishmen of this generation, but he was especially a representative of the English quality that originally settled New England, and has directed and dominated American development. He was essentially a man of the people, and as the orator of freedom and equal rights, and a foe of special privilege, he was the leader of the masses against the classes. But he was altogether a man of peace, too conservative for a radical, and a lover of progress, but not of revolution. He was not a constructive statesman, but his character and his oratory were moral forces which moulded public opinion and prepared the public mind for the support of liberal policies. The great service of his life was this liberalizing influence, this constant fostering of a freer, more enlightened, more generous disposition of the national mind. His faith in the people was profound, and although a loyal subject of the Queen, he was a potential republican. An intense and characteristic Englishman, he was neither a courtier nor a Churchman. His qualities were those which have made England great, but which nevertheless are deeply distasteful to many Englishmen.

His love of liberty was trained in a Quaker home at a time when religious equality was denied by English law. It was fostered and strengthened by the contest for Parliamentary reform, and it was most effective in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws. The famous friendship of Burke and Fox was surpassed by that of Cobden and Bright, which was as effective in breaking the chains of commercial oppression as that of Garrison and Phillips in this country in securing personal emancipation. In both cases invincible facts were fused in a glowing moral appeal which resistlessly moved the national conscience to the humane result. Bright entered Parliament and became its central figure, and one of the greatest of orators of his time in a country where oratory is a tremendous power. But although necessarily a party leader, his faith in the people did not sophisticate him into belief in the infallibility of the majority. Popes of all kinds, whether churches or parties, he abhorred, and his sturdy independence was well symbolized by his massive figure and leonine head. Denouncing the Crimean war which his party supported, he advocated Parliamentary censure of the Ministry. The Ministry appealed to the country, and Bright was defeated. But his faith was planted upon his own conscience, not upon the votes of others, and after many years it asserted itself again against his party and his friend the party leader, and he opposed Gladstone's course in Egypt, as he had withstood Palmerston's in the Crimea.

When the American civil war shook England into two parties, the classes, the clubs, "society," and the *Times* venomously hoped for the destruction of the Union, but the masses, with John Bright as their leader, held the hostile government inactive. His voice was heard above the uproar, not arguing points of expediency, but proclaiming the simple, primary, and universal principles upon which the national cause rested. It was the appeal of justice against money, of the people against a class, of liberty against slavery. No orator ever performed a nobler service. He was derided as taking sides against his own country. But it was not to British local pride or jealousy or interest that he addressed himself, but to the English love of liberty, to English manhood, to the English conscience, and the England of John Pym, of John Hampden, and of John Milton responded triumphantly to John Bright. His name becomes an American tradition no less than an English treasure. In the hour of our mortal struggle it was in the voice of John Bright that we heard the old England from which we sprang bidding us be of good cheer. Full of years, full of honors and renown, with the admiration of England and the reverent affection of America, John Bright passes into history.

SOILING THE ERMINE.

The rumor that a judge in Ohio has actually proposed himself as a candidate for the seat of the late Mr. Justice Stanley Matthews, if not untrue, of course makes him an impossible, selection by demonstrating his unfitness for the office. It is, however, an illustration of the public indecency which is fostered by the custom of regarding the great trusts of the government as prizes to be grabbed for and sought by the most persistent personal "push," instead of trusts to be conferred deliberately for acknowledged merit.

This tendency, indeed, has already acquired such force that if a man does not push himself, that fact is regarded as conclusive against him. "Why, he is not a candidate," that is to say, not an applicant urging himself and commanding all the urgency of others which is possible, is supposed to be a conclusive statement against the selection. The truth is that precisely in the degree that a man is fitted for an office, he declines to push for it except in the legitimate way of proving his qualification for it. If during an election campaign he demonstrates his mastery of the pending issues and the power of leadership, he is naturally summoned to a leading place when his party wins. This is the condition and characteristic of popular and parliamentary government.

But a lawyer cannot show his fitness for the Supreme Bench or any other bench by going upon the stump in the canvass, or by joining the crowd which besieges an unhappy President after his election. It is only by professional ability and personal character illustrated in the courts and in the conduct of life that he can do this. There are recognized masters in the profession to whom the country instinctively turns when a vacancy occurs upon the Supreme Bench, and from them alone can the selection for the seat of Mr. Justice Matthews be properly made.

MUGWUMPS OF '72.

During the campaign of 1884 Colonel Higginson used to remind his fellow-mugwumps, who shivered at the prospect of going out of the Republican party lest they could not get back again in case of extremity, that the only trouble was in going out, not in coming back. The returning prodigal was always regaled, he said, with the fat of the land. Events seem to justify his remark. Our friends the mugwumps of 1872, who supported Mr. Greeley, the Democratic candidate, against the Republican candidate, General Grant, are now rolling in Republican clover.

Mr. Reid has carried off one of the great diplomatic prizes, and another of them may have dropped into the hands of Mr. Murat Halstead before this paper is issued. Mr. Hiscock is the acknowledged purveyor of patronage for New York, and for our friend Mr. Depew it is agreed that nothing can be too good. He treats the situation with his customary gay banter, and nothing can appeal more strongly to his sense of humor than the unquestionable fact that the mugwump of '72 is "on top."

It is obvious that if any gentleman is disposed to treat himself to a little independent airing beyond the paling of the party, he need not be alarmed lest he cannot get within the fold again. Another mugwump of '76, who supported Mr. Tilden against Mr. Hayes, is reported to have said to a younger friend who was meditating a temporary escape in 1884: "My dear fellow, don't do it. You can't be always running in and out of your party." But that it is not an unpardonable offence is now demonstrated to all men, and those who have been wont to regard a charge of mugwumpery as a fatal disqualification for party promotion have only to contemplate a few of the most honored and influential figures of the time to pluck up heart and confess their error.

THE APRIL "HARPER."

A new paper by Sir Walter Scott is a prize of such unique value that the reader of Harper's Monthly for April will naturally turn first to the "Gabions of Abbotsford," a paper by Scott, hitherto unpublished. It is a description, according to his own explanation of the word, of the minor treasures or bric-à-brac of his famous house—relics, armor, weapons, curious and rare books, and other similar objects—which the good Sir Walter recounts in an article which is illustrated with views of the interior and exterior of Abbotsford. The opening paper, by Mr. McMaster, is a timely and copiously illustrated account of "Washington's Inauguration," written in the pleasant and graphic style of *The People of the United States*.

Mr. Theodore Child's illustrated "Characteristic Parisian Cafés" appears in the season of the year when those cafés are gayest and most enticing, and no one could treat the theme more happily than Mr. Child, to whom Paris has been long a home. Mr. Warner's tale, "A Little Journey in the World," opens delightfully in what Mr. Lyon, the inquiring Englishman whom it introduces, would have called the true American key; and Miss Woolson's "Jupiter Lights" continues with the touch of power that distinguishes her. This tale and Mr. Warner's show the variety of national life with which the American novelist now deals. In "Foot-prints in Washingtonland" Mr. Conway gives us charming human glimpses of Washington and of his wife, who is usually rather a lay-figure of extreme propriety, but of little interest.

Björnstjerne Björnson's third paper upon Norway has the fascination of the others, and draws a vivid picture of Northern life. There are Mr. Constant's "Tangier and Morocco"—an article of the kind in which Harper is unsurpassed—and Mrs. Harding Davis's characteristic tale of "Anne," and Mr. Coryell's "Flying under Water"—all of them striking and attractive, and all suggesting the lively mental activity of which the Magazine is a monthly illustration. Mr. Howells in his Study and Mr. Warner over his Drawer keep pace with the new books and the new humor; and altogether Harper's Monthly greets the centennial month of the Constitution with a literary contribution to the public pleasure which would have given the fathers fresh confidence in the future could they have foreseen it.

THE "BAZAR."

Miss Booth's successor in Harper's Bazar is Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, who has already established friendly relations with a very large and very important circle of readers as the "Postmistress" of Harper's Young People. Mrs. Sangster is a trained writer for the press, and she is peculiarly qualified for her new responsibility. The Bazar is one of the most welcome of household visitors. Its editorial discussions, including the sparkling papers of Colonel Higginson under the head of "Women and Men," are of universal interest. It has no politics, and engages only in the most amiable controversy. To its especial function as family adviser upon the essential interests of dress and social conduct it adds that of purveyor of a most agreeable and instructive literary miscellany, and no characteristic which has commended it to its great circle of readers and friends will be lost under its new control.

PERSONAL.

Having taught himself Latin and written a creditable translation of the first six books of Virgil's Æneid, Erastus Richardson, a Pawtucket (Rhode Island) book-keeper, has now carried out a similar method of training in music, by learning the use of a violin, and then making an instrument on which to play. He is over fifty years old, and constructed seven violins before he completed one which he considered worthy of preservation.

—The house which has been built by Mrs. Edward F. Searles (formerly Mrs. Mark Hopkins) at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, is a palace, and with its stables, etc., is estimated to have cost $2,500,000. It is built of blue dolomite, quarried in the vicinity; its roof is crowned with imposing towers and massive chimneys, and its inner finishings are of imported marbles and carved oak and other costly woods. Mr. and Mrs. Searles have recently returned from Europe, bringing with them valuable paintings and other adornments for their magnificent home.

—Bishop Andrew Cahoon, of Salt Lake City, serving out a term in prison for polygamy, has renounced his faith, denouncing the whole Mormon fabric as a tissue of impostures and frauds. He has stood by his Church for half a century, but now says he does not propose any longer to be called a rebel against his country.

—The Crown-Prince Rudolph of Austria left debts amounting to $2,000,000, it is said, although he had an annual income of $750,000, and his palaces and country places cost him nothing. His sporting trophies form an interesting museum, and their preparation and arrangement must have cost a large sum.

—The Bishop of Nisch, who opposed the divorce of King Milan of Servia from Queen Natalie, and was therefore deprived of his see, has now mysteriously disappeared. It is intimated that, through Milan's agency, he has been secretly shut up in some remote monastery.

—"Jack" Hardy, a famous sporting character, who had the unenviable reputation of having killed more persons than any other man in this country, dropped dead on the New Orleans race-track the other day. He is said to have killed twenty-one men in one year, all in pistol fights, and his skill with the weapon was marvellous. He could hit a silver quarter as far as he could see it nearly every time, and is credited with never having shot at a man without wounding him.

—Baron de Cotegipe, one of Brazil's greatest and best-known statesmen, has just died. He has held prominent places in the government ever since 1855, and during the absence of the Emperor from the country in 1875–6 and 1887–8 he was Prime-Minister. He withdrew from the government last year on account of the emancipation movement, with which he had no sympathy.

—A mutual accident relief association of Philadelphia is contesting the payment of $100 benefit money to Rev. Rudolph C. Gates, of Butler County, Pennsylvania, because he injured himself while chopping wood. The minister in taking out his policy obtained the usual reduced rates afforded clergymen, and now the company holds that chopping wood is not a ministerial duty.

—Rev. J. J. O'Carroll, a Jesuit priest, who has just died in England, was the master of fourteen languages, and could speak about twenty more.

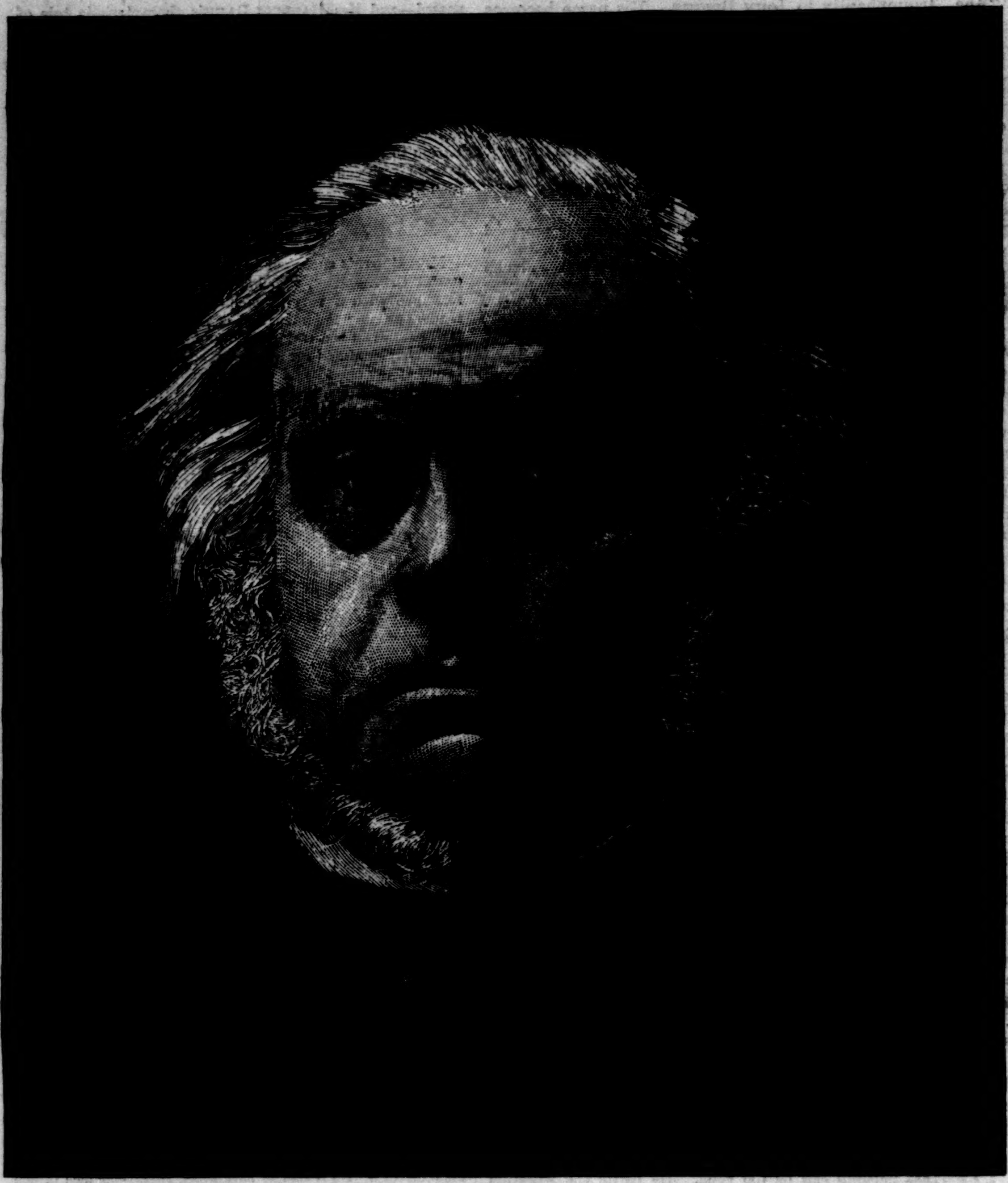
—Secretary Tracy's selection of Mr. Henry W. Raymond as his private secretary meets with very general approval, especially with the newspaper press of the country. Mr. Raymond, for several years past the editor and proprietor of the Germantown (Pennsylvania) *Telegraph*, is the son of Henry J. Raymond, founder of the New York *Times*. The two families have always been on the most intimate terms, and Mr. Tracy has had abundant opportunity to learn the qualifications of the man for the place. Mr. Raymond was educated for the bar, but he has devoted himself largely to journalism. He did excellent work on the New York *Times*, and afterward went to Philadelphia and bought the paper he now edits. He has a clear head and a ready hand, and can hardly fail to discharge the duties of his new place most ably and acceptably.

—The late Ethan S. Chapin, of Springfield, Massachusetts, was one of the best-known hotel-keepers in the country, but still found time to gratify a taste for scientific subjects, and to write a book on the laws of gravity and heat, based on personal research and experiments.

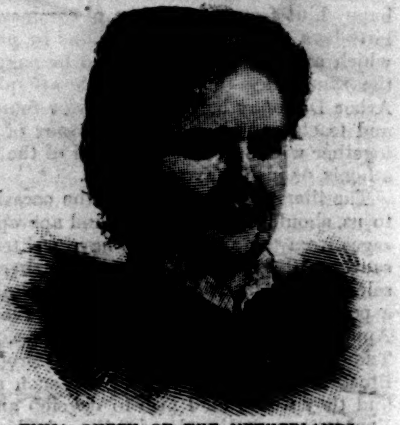
—General William S. Harney, the famous Indian fighter, is living at Jacksonville, Florida, and possesses good health, although eighty-nine years old.

—C. R. King, of Hartford, Connecticut, has a more than ordinary claim to the title of "Jack of all trades," as he has learned forty-six of them, and is now only sixty years old.

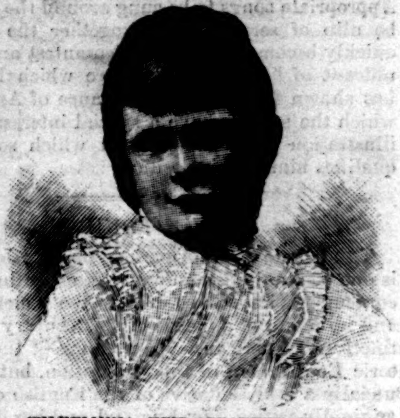
—Mr. Charles Nordhoff's *Politics for Young Americans* is to be translated into the Bohemian language by Mr. Gustav B. Reisl, the editor of the *Slavie*, and published in that paper in serial form. It was translated into German by the late Gotlob Nast, whose translation appeared in the *Christian Apologist*, of Cincinnati. An edition was also issued in raised letters for the use of the blind, by the Louisville printing-office for the blind. Four years ago it was translated into Spanish and published in Mexico for use in the high-schools and for general circulation in that country, the translation being by Mr. Eduardo Ruiz, an accomplished publicist, and Procurador-General of the Mexican Republic, himself the author of an important work, in two volumes, on the Mexican Constitution, which has received high commendation in this country and in Europe.



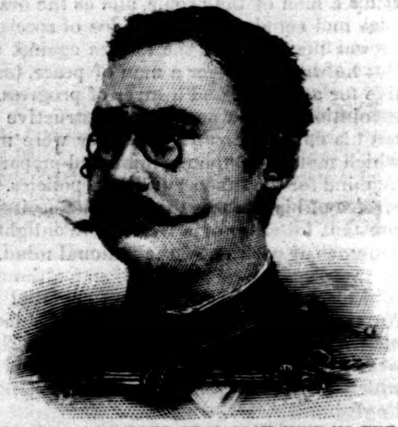
THE LATE JOHN BRIGHT, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR BIRMINGHAM.—[See Page 262.]



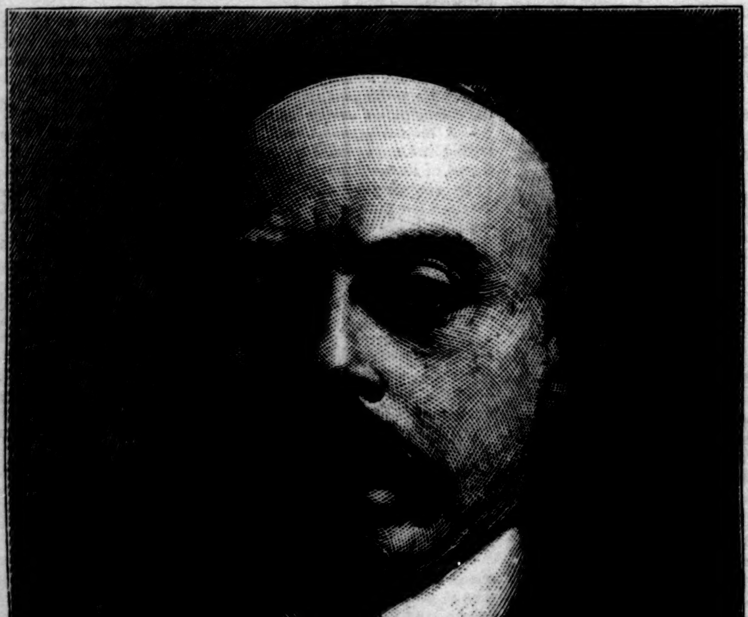
EMMA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.—[See Page 263.]



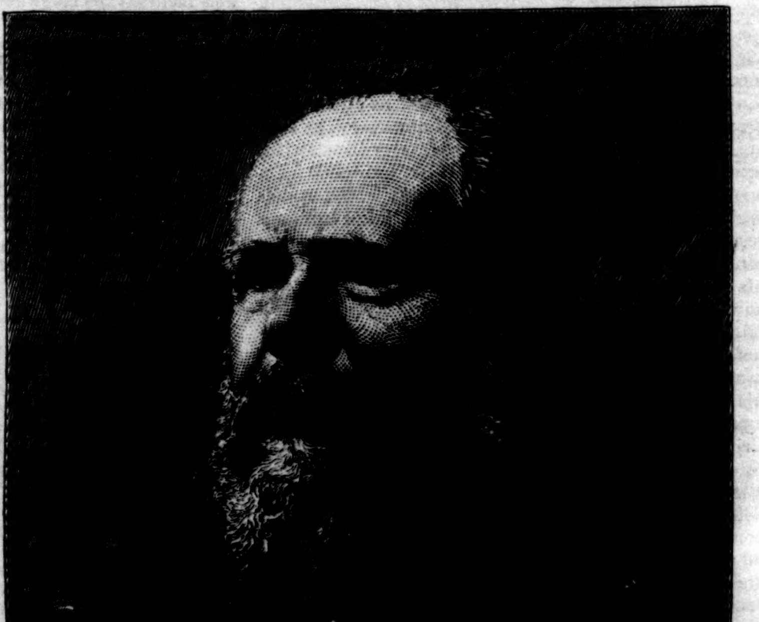
WILHELMINA, HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF THE NETHERLANDS.—[See Page 263.]



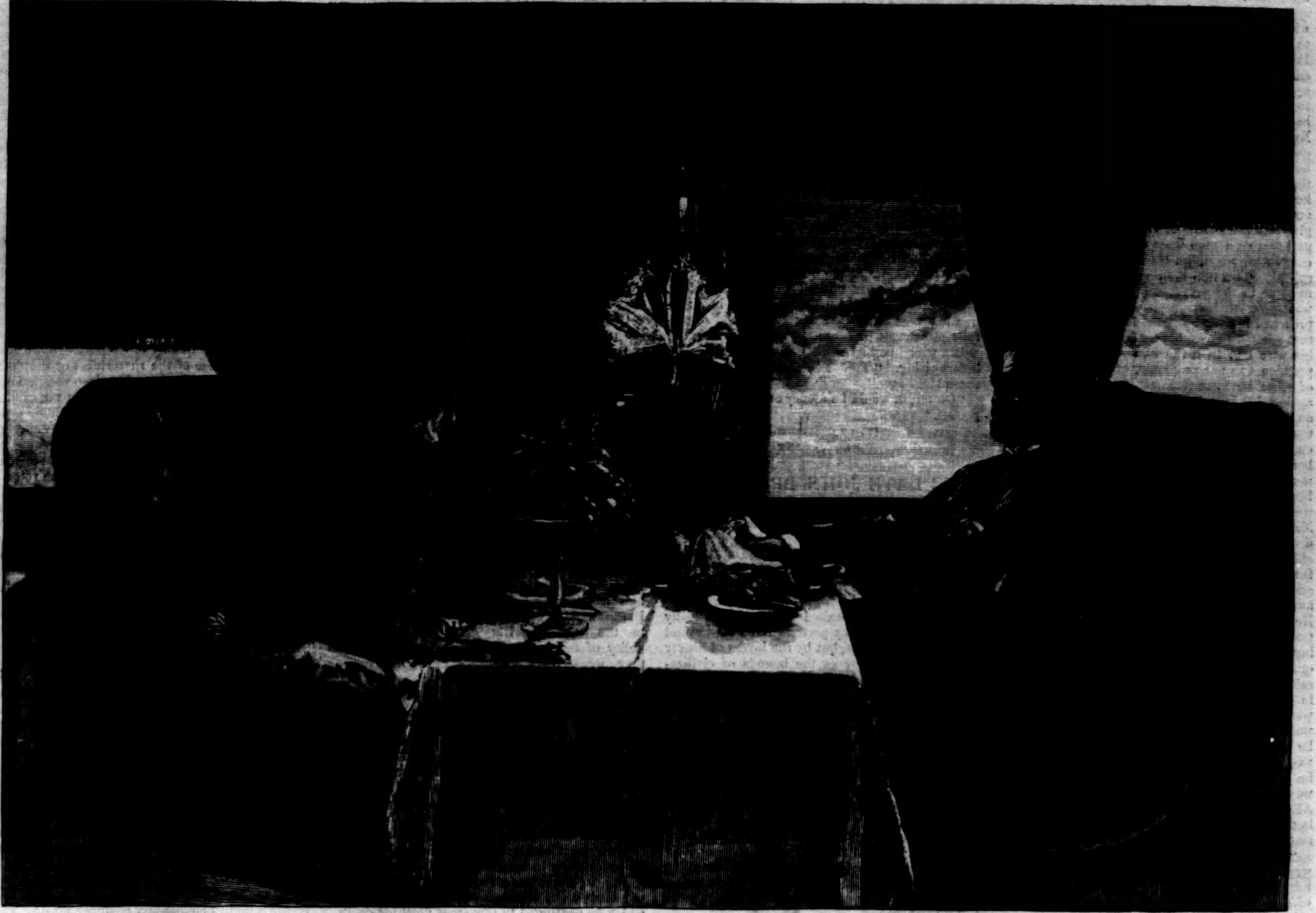
PRINCE ALEXANDER OF NASSAU, HEIR TO THE GRAND-DUCHY OF LUXEMBURG.—[See Page 263.]



HANS VON BÜLOW.—From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.—[See Page 262.]



WILLIAM III., LATE KING OF THE NETHERLANDS.—[See Page 263.]



"*His wife brushed some crumbs from her lap before rising. 'Yes. You mustn't waste any of these ideas now.'*"

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

V.

HIS wife made no attempt to renew their talk before March went to his business in the morning, and they parted in dry offence. Their experience was that these things always came right of themselves at last, and they usually let them. He knew that she had really tried to consent to a thing that was repugnant to her, and in his heart he gave her more credit for the effort than he had allowed her openly. She knew that she had made it with the reservation he accused her of, and that he had a right to feel sore at what she could not help. But he left her to brood over his ingratitude, and she suffered him to go heavy and unfriended to meet the chances of the day. He said to himself that if she had assented cordially to the conditions of Fulkerson's offer, he would have had the courage to take all the other risks himself, and would have had the satisfaction of resigning his place. As it was, he must wait till he was removed; and he figured with bitter pleasure the pain she would feel when he came home some day and told her he had been supplanted, after it was too late to close with Fulkerson.

He found a letter on his desk from the secretary, "Dictated," in type-writing, which briefly informed him that Mr. Hubbell, the Inspector of Agencies, would be in Boston on Wednesday, and would call at his office during the forenoon. The letter was not different in tone from many that he had formerly received; but the visit announced was out of the usual order, and March believed he read his fate in it. During the eighteen years of his connection with it—first as a subordinate in the Boston office, and finally as its general agent there—he had seen a good many changes in the Reciprocity; presidents, vice-presidents, actuaries, and general agents had come and gone, but there had always seemed to be a recognition of his efficiency, or at least sufficiency, and there had never been any manner of trouble, no question of accounts, no apparent dissatisfaction with his management, until latterly, when there had begun to come from head-quarters some suggestions of enterprise in certain ways, which gave him his first suspicions of his clerk Watkins's willingness to succeed him: they embodied some of Watkins's ideas. The things proposed seemed to March undignified, and even vulgar; he had never thought himself wanting in energy, though probably he had left the business to take its own course in the old lines more than he realized. Things had always gone so smoothly that he had sometimes fancied a peculiar regard for him in the management, which he had the weakness to attribute to an appreciation of what he occasionally did in literature, though in saner moments he felt how impossible this was. Beyond a reference from Mr. Hubbell to some piece of March's, which had happened to meet his eye, no one in the management ever gave a sign of consciousness that their service was adorned by an obscure literary man; and Mr. Hubbell himself had the effect of regarding the excursions of March's pen as a sort of joke, and of winking at them, as he might have winked if once in a way he had found him a little the gayer for dining.

March wore through the day gloomily, but he had it on his conscience not to show any resentment toward Watkins, whom he suspected of wishing to supplant him, and even of working to do so. Through this self-denial he reached a better mind concerning his wife. He determined not to make her suffer needlessly, if the worst came to the worst; she would suffer enough, at the best, and till the worst came he would spare her, and not say anything about the letter he had got.

But when they met, her first glance divined that something had happened, and her first question frustrated his generous intention. He had to tell her about the letter. She would not allow that it had any significance; but she wished him to make an end of his anxieties, and forestall whatever it might portend, by resigning his place at once. She said she was quite ready to go to New York; she had been thinking it all over, and now she really wanted to go. He answered, soberly, that he had thought it over too, and he did not wish to leave Boston, where he had lived so long, or try a new way of life if he could help it. He insisted that he was quite selfish in this. In their concessions their quarrel vanished; they agreed that whatever happened would be for the best; and the next day he went to his office fortified for any event.

His destiny, if tragical, presented itself with an aspect which he might have found comic if it had been another's destiny. Mr. Hubbell brought March's removal, softened in the guise of a promotion. The management at New York, it appeared, had acted upon a suggestion of Mr. Hubbell's, and now authorized him to offer March the editorship of the monthly paper published in the interest of the company; his office would include the authorship of circulars and leaflets in behalf of life-insurance, and would give play to the literary talent which Mr. Hubbell had brought to the attention of the management; his salary would be nearly as much as at present, but the work would not take his whole time, and in a place like New York he could get a great deal of outside writing, which they would not object to his doing.

Mr. Hubbell seemed so sure of his acceptance of a place in every way congenial to a man of literary tastes that March was afterward sorry he dismissed the proposition with obvious irony, and had needlessly hurt Hubbell's feelings; but Mrs. March had no such regrets. She was only afraid that he had not made his rejection contemptuous enough. "And now," she said, "telegraph Mr. Fulkerson, and we will go at once."

"I suppose I could still get Watkins's former place," March suggested.

"Never!" she retorted. "Telegraph instantly!"

They were only afraid now that Fulkerson might have changed his mind, and they had a wretched day in which they heard nothing from him. It ended with his answering March's telegram in person. They were so glad of his coming, and so touched by his satisfaction with his bargain, that they laid all the facts of the case before him. He entered fully into March's sense of the joke latent in Mr. Hubbell's proposition, and he tried to make Mrs. March believe that he shared her resentment of the indignity offered her husband.

March made a show of willingness to release him in view of the changed situation, saying that he held him to nothing. Fulkerson laughed, and asked him how soon he thought he could come on to New York. He refused to reopen the question of March's fitness with him; he said they had gone into that thoroughly; but he recurred to it with Mrs. March, and confirmed her belief in his good sense on all points. She had been from the first moment defiantly confident of her husband's ability, but till she had talked the matter over with Fulkerson, she was secretly not sure of it; or, at least, she was not sure that March was not right in distrusting himself. When she clearly understood, now, what Fulkerson intended, she had no longer a doubt. He explained how the enterprise differed from others, and how he needed for its direction a man who combined general business experience and business ideas with a love for the thing and a natural aptness for it. He did not want a young man, and yet he wanted youth—its freshness, its zest—such as March would feel in a thing he could put his whole heart into. He would not run in ruts, like an old fellow who had got hackneyed; he would not have any hobbies; he would not have any friends nor any enemies. Besides, he would have to meet people, and March was a man that people took to; she knew that herself; he had a kind of charm. The editorial management was going to be kept in the background, as far as the public was concerned; the public was to suppose that the thing ran itself. Fulkerson did not care for a great literary reputation in his editor—he implied that March had a very pretty little one. At the same time the relations between the contributors and the management were to be much more intimate than usual. Fulkerson felt his personal disqualification for working the thing socially, and he counted upon Mr. March for that; that was to say, he counted upon Mrs. March.

She protested he must not count upon her; but it by no means disabled Fulkerson's judgment in her view that March really seemed more than anything else a fancy of his. He had been a fancy of hers; and the sort of affectionate respect with which Fulkerson spoke of him laid forever some doubt she had of the fineness of Fulkerson's manners, and reconciled her to the graphic slanginess of his speech.

The affair was now irretrievable, but she gave her approval to it as superbly as if it were submitted in its inception. Only, Mr. Fulkerson must not suppose she should ever like New York. She would not deceive him on that point. She never should like it. She did not conceal, either, that she did not like taking the children out of the Friday evening class; and she did not believe that Tom would ever be reconciled to going to Columbia. She took courage from Fulkerson's suggestion that it was possible for Tom to come to Harvard even from New York; and she heaped him with questions concerning the domiciliation of the family in that city. He tried to know something about the matter, and he succeeded in seeming interested in points necessarily indifferent to him.

VI.

In the uprooting and transplanting of their home that followed, Mrs. March often trembled before distant problems and possible contingencies, but she was never troubled by present difficulties. She kept up with tireless energy, and in the moments of dejection and misgiving which harassed her husband she remained dauntless, and put heart into him when he had lost it altogether.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

She arranged to leave the children in the house with the servants, while she went on with March to look up a dwelling of some sort in New York. It made him sick to think of it; and when it came to the point, he would rather have given up the whole enterprise. She had to nerve him to it, to represent more than once that now they had no choice but to make this experiment. Every detail of parting was anguish to him. He got consolation out of the notion of letting the house furnished for the winter; that implied their return to it; but it cost him pangs of the keenest misery to advertise it; and when a tenant was actually found, it was all he could do to give him the lease. He tried his wife's love and patience as a man must to whom the future is easy in the mass, but terrible as it translates itself piecemeal into the present. He experienced remorse in the presence of inanimate things he was going to leave as if they had sensibly reproached him, and an anticipative homesickness that seemed to stop his heart. Again and again his wife had to make him reflect that his depression was not prophetic. She convinced him of what he already knew, and persuaded him against his knowledge that he could be keeping an eye out for something to take hold of in Boston if they could not stand New York. She ended by telling him that it was too bad to make her comfort him in a trial that was really so much more a trial to her. She had to support him in a last access of despair on their way to the Albany depot the morning they started to New York; but when the final details had been dealt with, the tickets bought, the trunks checked, and the hand-bags hung up in their car, and the future had massed itself again at a safe distance and was seven hours and two hundred miles away, his spirits began to rise and hers to sink. He would have been willing to celebrate the taste, the domestic refinement of the ladies' waiting-room in the depot, where they had spent a quarter of an hour before the train started. He said he did not believe there was another station in the world where mahogany rocking-chairs were provided; that the dull red warmth of the walls was as cozy as an evening lamp, and that he always hoped to see a fire kindled on that vast hearth and under that æsthetic mantle, but he supposed now he never should. He said it was all very different from that tunnel, the old Albany depot, where they had waited the morning they went to New York when they were starting on their wedding journey.

"The *morning*, Basil!" cried his wife. "We went at *night;* and we were going to take the boat, but it stormed so!" She gave him a glance of such reproach that he could not answer anything; and now she asked him whether he supposed their cook and second girl would be contented with one of those dark holes where they put girls to sleep in New York flats, and what she should do if Margaret, especially, left her. He ventured to suggest that Margaret would probably like the city; but if she left, there were plenty of other girls to be had in New York. She replied that there were none she could trust, and that she knew Margaret would not stay. He asked her why she took her, then; why she did not give her up at once; and she answered that it would be inhuman to give her up just in the edge of the winter. She had promised to keep her; and Margaret was pleased with the notion of going to New York, where she had a cousin.

"Then perhaps she'll be pleased with the notion of staying," he said.

"Oh, much you know about it!" she retorted; and in view of the hypothetical difficulty and his want of sympathy, she fell into a gloom, from which she roused herself at last by declaring that if there was nothing else in the flat they took, there should be a light kitchen and a bright sunny bedroom for Margaret. He expressed the belief that they could easily find such a flat as that, and she denounced his fatal optimism, which buoyed him up in the absence of an undertaking, and let him drop into the depths of despair in its presence.

He owned this defect of temperament, but he said that it compensated the opposite in her character. "I suppose that's one of the chief uses of marriage; people supplement each other, and form a pretty fair sort of human being together. The only drawback to the theory is that unmarried people seem each as complete and whole as a married pair."

She refused to be amused; she turned her face to the window and put her handkerchief up under her veil.

It was not till the dining-car was attached to their train that they were both able to escape for an hour into the care-free mood of their earlier travels, when they were so easily taken out of themselves. The time had been when they could have found enough in the conjectural fortunes and characters of their fellow-passengers to occupy them. This phase of their youth had lasted long, and the world was still full of novelty and interest for them, but it required all the charm of the dining-car now to lay the anxieties that beset them. It was so potent for the moment, however, that they could take an objective view at their sitting cosily down there together, as if they had only themselves in the world. They wondered what the children were doing, the children who possessed them so intensely when present, and now, by a fantastic operation of absence, seemed almost nonexistent. They tried to be homesick for them, but failed; they recognized with comfortable self-abhorrence that this was terrible, but owned a fascination in being alone; at the same time they could not imagine how people felt who never had any children. They contrasted the luxury of dining that way, with every advantage except a band of music, and the old way of rushing out to snatch a fearful joy at the lunch-counters of the Worcester and Springfield and New Haven stations. They had not gone often to New York since their wedding journey, but they had gone often enough to have noted the change from the lunch-counter to the lunch-basket brought into the train, from which you could subsist with more ease and dignity, but seemed destined to a superabundance of pickles, whatever you ordered.

They thought well of themselves now that they could be both critical and tolerant of flavors not very sharply distinguished from one another in their dinner, and they lingered over their coffee and watched the autumn landscape through the windows.

"Not quite so loud a pattern of calico this year," he said, with patronizing forbearance toward the painted woodlands whirling by. "Do you see how the foreground next the train rushes from us and the background keeps abreast of us, while the middle distance seems stationary? I don't think I ever noticed that effect before. There ought to be something literary in it: retreating past and advancing future, and deceitfully permanent present: something like that?"

His wife brushed some crumbs from her lap before rising. "Yes. You mustn't waste any of these ideas now."

"Oh no; it would be money out of Fulkerson's pocket."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATE JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

By the death of John Bright the British people have lost one of their most gifted and certainly most honest and most faithful statesmen. For over forty years he has been one of the most prominent public men in the British Isles, and time and again during his long career his words spoken on the platform and from his place in Parliament have been eagerly awaited and enthusiastically applauded, not only by persons living far beyond the reach of his voice, but by the lovers of liberty and fair play as far as the bounds of civilization extended. For some years past his voice, on account of failing health, has been seldom heard, but when he has had occasion to speak or write he has been unfalteringly true to the great principles which have guided him throughout life. Believing that what was good for the individual was good for the mass, and that what was morally obligatory on the individual was morally obligatory on nations and governments, Mr. Bright never had difficulty in steering his own course. His own course, however, was not always the popular course, and in proving faithful to himself and to his own convictions, he on more than one occasion found it necessary to give up place and power, and to allow even cherished friendships to fall into abeyance.

John Bright belonged to a Quaker family which originally hailed from Wiltshire. His father, Jacob Bright, became the owner of a cotton-mill in the immediate neighborhood of Rochdale in 1816. He had already been for some time a partner with his brothers-in-law; and his second son, John, was born at a place called Greenbank, near Rochdale, November 16, 1811. When John Bright was born Mr. Gladstone was within six weeks of two years of age, and Richard Cobden had reached his seventh year. His father meaning that he should give himself to business, the boy's school education, limited to the ordinary rudiments, was completed in the early part of 1827, when he was only a little over fifteen years of age. He immediately joined his father at the cotton-mill, helping in the warehouse, and making himself acquainted with the machinery and the different departments of the business. Those were the times which immediately preceded the passing of the first Reform Bill. In all the manufacturing centres of England and Scotland there was great political excitement. Young Bright, who, though he had left school, had not given up his books, took a lively interest in the questions of the time, and at a very early period gave evidence of that oratorical ability which later he so conspicuously manifested. In 1832 he made his first visit to London. It was on April 13th—a day made memorable by the second reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords. In the following year he made his first trip to the Continent, visiting Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, Cologne, Frankfort, and Mayence, and sailing down the Rhine as far as Rotterdam. In the same year he took an active part in the organization of the Rochdale Literary and Philosophical Society—a society which proved greatly helpful, as he himself was always willing to admit, in the development of his special talent. In the summer months of 1835 he made an extended tour in the East, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, Egypt, and the Holy Land, returning by way of Italy, France, and Belgium. On his return home he gave a most interesting account of his tour in a lecture to his towns-people, making liberal but skilful use, by way of adornment, of the descriptive verse of Lord Byron, and dwelling with melancholy emphasis on the faded grandeur of Jerusalem, and of the evidence which it furnished of the truthfulness of Scriptural prophecy.

It was in 1841 that John Bright's public life really began. He had already assumed the principal burden of the Rochdale business, making his daily visits to Manchester, and by his punctuality, probity, and agreeable manners winning among the merchants confidence and esteem. He had two years before married a Miss Priestman and taken her to One Ash, a house which he had just built, and which has since been his home—a house which in these later years has become a sort of pilgrims' shrine. In the year above named he had a visit from Richard Cobden. The visit was memorable and of lasting consequence. It was at Leamington. "I was in the depth of grief," says Mr. Bright—"I might almost say of despair; for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us." The two had met before, and had been on terms of friendship since 1837. It was as a friend Mr. Cobden had visited. After they had been together for a little time Cobden looked up and said: "There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now when the first paroxysm of your grief is past I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the Corn Law is repealed." The pact was made, and how faithfully it was adhered to has long since been matter of common history. Never were two men more true to each other; never were two men better fitted for the task they had undertaken—Cobden with his facts and his quiet persuasiveness, and Bright with his fearless energy, his impassioned and captivating eloquence. Nor ever was a great political battle more heroically fought or more nobly won.

In 1843 Mr. Bright was elected member of Parliament for Durham, which place he continued to represent until 1847, when, the Anti-Corn-Law struggle having resulted in complete victory, he was elected one of the members for Manchester. Not insensible to the increased responsibility of his new position, and yielding to the pressure which was brought to bear upon him, his life became more and more one of incessant activity, and his name more and more identified with all great public questions, and especially with matters of reform, the weight of his influence ever leaning to the popular side. The Factory Bill, the expansion of the principles of free-trade in connection with the repeal of the Navigation Laws, the equalization of the sugar duties, and the removal of the taxes which bore upon newspapers—these and kindred measures found in him a warm and enthusiastic advocate. Mr. Bright's principles led him to oppose the war in the Crimea. His denunciations of the policy of the government were as incessant as they were merciless. Many of his former friends failed at this time to sympathize with him. The successful conclusion of the war had made popular the Ministry of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Cobden, however, had the courage, when the war with China broke out in 1857, to propose a condemnatory motion. The government being defeated, Lord Palmerston appealed to the country with entire success, Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Milner Gibson, and others being defeated. Mr. Bright, who was then in Italy on account of his health, felt the blow severely; for he was proud of his Manchester connection, and he believed he had served his constituents faithfully. In August of the same year, however, he was elected one of the members for Birmingham, which he continued to represent until his death.

Mr. Bright has been condemned as an advocate of "peace at any price." He was not. "I acknowledge it," he declared, "to be the duty of statesmen, acting upon the known opinions and principles of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the country, at all times, with all possible moderation, but with all possible efficiency, to take steps which shall preserve order within and on the confines of the kingdom." When the slave-holding aristocracy of the South rose in rebellion against the Union, Mr. Bright did not hesitate to defend the course of the Union in resisting the rebellion. He held that this was clearly a case where self-preservation was to be regarded as supreme, and where the cause of freedom and human rights was involved. In the press, on the rostrum, and from his place in Parliament he pleaded for justice for the American government at a time when all the "ruling classes" were violently prejudiced against our country. His voice and pen, and those of his friend Richard Cobden, were always at the service of the Union, and they did more than any others to keep the English government from intervening in the struggle. This chapter in Mr. Bright's history is too well known to require special notice. The debt of gratitude due him from this country is too great to be ever adequately paid, but it will always be acknowledged.

As member for Birmingham Mr. Bright soon regained his former influence both among the people and in Parliament. It was his opinion that the time had come for a further extension of the franchise. But Lord Palmerston was an effectual barrier in the way. After the death of that statesman in 1865, Mr. Gladstone having become Liberal leader in the House of Commons, the prospect was more hopeful. Yielding largely to his influence, Mr. Gladstone introduced his Reform Bill in 1866. The Liberals, however, failing to agree, the bill was defeated and the Ministry resigned. Lord Derby came into power, with Mr. Disraeli as his Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the following year, Mr. Disraeli yielding to the demand for electoral reform, Mr. Bright had the satisfaction of seeing many of his once contemned principles passed into law by the Tories.

Mr. Bright was an early and persistent advocate of liberal remedial legislation for Ireland. He urged the disestablishment of the Irish Church long before that measure received serious attention from the government. He was the author in 1870 of the clauses in the Land Bill which were intended to facilitate the acquisition of land by Irish tenants, and he earnestly defended the Land Act of 1881, which undertook to give to tenants an interest in the improvements made by them, and a certain security of tenure of the land. It was no part, however, of his plan to loosen the bonds between Ireland and Great Britain. When Mr. Gladstone in the early part of 1868 introduced his resolutions providing for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Mr. Bright was with him and gave him effective support. When later in the same year Mr. Gladstone became First Minister, Mr. Bright for the first time accepted office, becoming President of the Board of Trade. On account of sickness he resigned in December, 1870. In 1873 he resumed office as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill having failed, Mr. Bright was out with his party from March, 1874, to May, 1880, when he was reappointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In November of this year he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He had little sympathy with the Jingo policy of Lord Beaconsfield, and helped to accomplish his overthrow. Being utterly opposed to the bombardment of Alexandria, he resigned his position in the cabinet July, 1882. Latterly Mr. Bright became completely estranged from Mr. Gladstone because of the home rule policy of the latter.

Mr. Bright's highest claim to consideration lies in the broad principles which he sustained during a long life of public activity, but his distinction above others who held wholly or in part these principles lies in the deliberate choice he early made of popular agitation as the means of accomplishing his ends, and in the remarkable powers of oratory which he possessed. These were of a kind very rare in his country. He possessed in perfection the quality of eloquence, but it was not the eloquence of the rhetorician or the demagogue. It was based on his deep convictions, on his direct and acute reasoning, on his candor and sincerity, on his profound and catholic sympathies, and on his unhesitating and unwavering courage. It is as conspicuous in his writing as in his speeches, but for the latter he had singular physical resources—a clear and sonorous voice, a form of great dignity and manly beauty, and a manner at once simple, inspiriting, and persuasive. His mind was highly trained by constant and faithful study and reflection, and he had a peculiar command of the poetic and sacred literature of his own language, which his fervid but disciplined imagination enabled him to use with great effect.

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW.

The Beethoven Cyclus, which Herr Von Bülow will present here for the first time, consists of twenty-five compositions of the great master, eighteen of which are sonatas, and embraces the period of Beethoven's labors from 1795 to 1823. A sonata, next to a symphony, is the highest form of musical expression. Sonata means literally "sound piece," as the antithesis to the cantata, which is sung. The sonata is the natural product of the excessive elaboration of the madrigal. The term madrigal was first given to a certain kind of poem, and then to the music which accompanied the words, always in the best art times written for three or more voices. Then from a combination of voice parts, with viols, it was only a step further to dispense with the voice parts and create a sort of elementary chamber music. The first pure form of the madrigal is the offspring of the Flemish school, and was first heard in the Low Countries in the early part of the fifteenth century in the form of a polyphonic song. Authorities vary as to the exact course of the madrigal, the best published copies, however, being those of the Italian Ottaviano dei Petrucci, who was also the inventor of the process of printing music by means of movable types. An intermediate form of musical composition between the madrigal and the sonata was the fantasia. Fantasias were written for a combination of various instruments, such as a "chest of viols," or even five "cornets." The question as to who first wrote sonatas is involved in some obscurity. The earliest known examples are those of Turini, of Venice, about 1624. For a long time the domain of sonata playing was entirely monopolized by the violin. In those days the piano was as yet in its infancy, and the sonata was not deemed a worthy form of composition for the clavecin, harpsichord, or the spinet. The course of the violin solo sonata came to an abrupt termination in Joh. Seb. Bach, just as the piano sonata was expanding into definite space. Joh. Seb. Bach—the "old Bach," as Frederick the Great delighted to call him—was born in 1685, and although undoubtedly "the father of modern music," paid comparatively little attention to the piano; in fact he regarded it with contempt, and remained faithful to his dear clavichord. It was left to Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, third son of Johann, born at Wiemar March 14, 1714, and known as the "Hamburg Bach," to originate, or at least to adapt, the sonata form to the modern style of piano. It is true that P. Domenico Paradies, a Neapolitan composer and teacher, who was four years Emanuel's senior, also wrote sonatas for the piano, differing little in form from Bach's, except that they had but two movements. Em. Bach, who was conductor of Frederick the Great's private music, wrote 210 compositions, 93 of which were sonatas. Emanuel understood the art of piano playing, and was the first to recognize the need of a new form and expression for the then recent application of the "hammer" instead of the "tangent." He brought piano playing nearer to the "public" than any one else; and his influence was perhaps paramount in giving it a decided and definite direction. And it is possible that the style of which he was the foster-father passed on continuously to the masterly treatment of the piano by Climenti, and through him to the culminating achievements of Beethoven.

The art of piano playing and the piano itself are descendants first of the clavicytherium, monochord, virginal, spinet, clavichord, and lastly the harpsichord. Through the enormous extension of the piano industry, this instrument has become a household friend, a piece of parlor furniture without which no respectable or self-respecting family considers its establishment complete. In the harpsichord which immediately preceded the piano the strings were set in vibration by points of quill or hard leather. These instruments had two key-boards, one above the other, and related to each other like the swell and main key-boards of the organ. The idea of striking the strings by means of a "hammer" seems to have occurred early in the eighteenth century to three men almost simultaneously—Cristofori, an Italian, Marius, a Frenchman, and Schröter, a German—although as early as 1598 Paliarina, of Florence, writes of having constructed a *Piano et Forte*, with an organ *underneath*. For years the attempt to give practical form to this new idea resulted in clumsy and imperfect instruments, so much so that a good harpsichord was naturally preferred to a poor piano. About the year 1740 Gottfried Silbermann, of Freyberg, Saxony, following the mechanism of Cristofori, the Italian, constructed a piano which excited a great deal of curiosity among musicians and scientists. Silbermann labored incessantly for many years, and had the satisfaction before dying of seeing the piano firmly established in the affections of the musical world. Naturally the piano demanded an entirely new method of playing, and like all new inventions it was received at first with disfavor: people were loath to relegate to obscurity all their proficiency on the harpsichord.

As Viotti was the father of the modern technique of the violin, that same to the piano was Muzio Climenti, born in Rome in 1752, the son of a skilful and artistic worker in silver. At a very early age the little Muzio developed a great aptitude for music—so great, indeed, that at the age of nine he was already an organist, and composed at fourteen several contrapuntal works of merit, one of which, a mass for four voices and chorus, gained him great praise from the musicians and public of Rome. Climenti, while prosecuting his musical studies, also became very proficient on the harpsichord. But it was in 1767 there happened a turning-point in his career, and one of magnitude to the future of music as well. Mr. Peter Beckford, an English gentleman of wealth, discerning his great talents, persuaded the boy's father to allow him to take the lad to England and to there complete his musical education. There, in Dorsetshire, Climenti, surrounded by all the refinements and luxuries of the age, made rapid strides in his art; and when he finally appeared before the public he was the musical sensation of the time, and in fact continued so for years after. His attainments were so phenomenal that he carried everything before him, and was the lion socially and musically all over Europe. Climenti had already at the time of his début composed his sonata "Opus 2," which not only established a new era for sonata compositions, but it forms to this day the basis for all modern works of this class. When John Christian Bach, son of Sebastian, one of the greatest executants of his time, confessed his inability to do it justice, and Schröter, one of the original inventors of the piano-forte, and also a leading musician of his day, said, "Only the devil and Climenti could play it," some idea can be formed of how great a sensation Climenti and his "Opus 2" caused among musicians.

Climenti had among his pupils, who came to him from all parts of Europe, so great was his reputation, such men as John B. Cramer, Kalkbrenner, Meyerbeer, and that talented Irishman John Field, who is now to be distinctively remembered as the inventor of that beautiful form of musical writing, the nocturne. Climenti was also that rare combination—artist and merchant. He not only taught the piano, played wonderfully on it, composed for it, but also engaged in the manufacture of piano-fortes, and through his inventive mechanism made many structural improvements to the piano, some of which have never been superseded. Climenti made a great deal of money, and finally bought an interest in the firm of Longman & Broderip, "manufacturers of musical instruments, and music-sellers to their majesties." The failure of the house, by which he lost a large sum, served but to stimulate his energies, and induced him to engage on his own account in music publishing and piano-forte manufacturing, the house being still in existence in the firm of Collard.

Climenti's work *par excellence*, his *Gradus ad Parnassum*, is a superb series of one hundred studies, upon which even to this day much of the solid art of piano-playing rests. In fact all that Climenti has done has left an impression, mechanically as well as spiritually, upon all that pertains to piano-playing. Climenti lived to be eighty. At his birth Handel was alive; at his death, Beethoven, Schubert, and Weber had found refuge in the grave from the ingratitude of a contemporary public. He began his career by practising Scarlatti's sonatas on the harpsichord. The first piano he used was Silbermann's feeble production; when he died, Broadwood, Erard, and Collard were in the field with great instruments. Such was the career of the father of piano-forte virtuosos. In the same year that Climenti made his entrance into public life, 1770, was born at Bonn that great master-spirit of music, Ludwig von Beethoven.

Singular to relate, in early life Beethoven evinced a strong repugnance to music, so much so that his father was obliged to whip him severely before he would consent to sit down to the harpsichord. Early in his career two comrades linked themselves to him for life—grim poverty and painful disease. Beethoven delighted to wander about the fields and woods listening to the sounds of nature, and there, stretched out beneath some tree, music sheet in hand, he often worked out those musical problems which have since delighted and enthused the world. About 1800 Beethoven became completely deaf, so much so that even when playing on his piano with all his strength not a sound of his own harmonies reached him. This wonderful mental conception of harmony is among the marvels of his career; for, dating from his affliction, Beethoven composed some of his grandest works. Although Climenti is by no means to be mentioned in the same category, as a composer, as Beethoven, yet the latter was a profound believer in and admirer of the Italian, and never tired of playing his music. In fact, as much as any composer of such unique and colossal genius as Beethoven could be influenced by preceding and contemporary artists, Beethoven was more swayed by Climenti's work than by any other. Beethoven lent to the same form of writing for the piano stronger contrasts, broader and deeper themes, richer coloring, bolder rhythm, and greater technique, but in general style he is distinctly a follower of Climenti. Beethoven, to mark his appreciation of or friendship for people, delighted in dedicating his works to individual persons. The first sonata on the programme of the Cyclus *A Major Op. 2, No. 2*, is dedicated to Joseph Haydn. The *Sinfonia Eroica*, begun in 1802 and finished 1804, bore the following title: "*Sinfonia grande. 'Napoleon Bonaparte,'* 1804, *in August, del Sigr. Louis von Beethoven.* Sinfonia 3. Op. 55." Beethoven up to this moment admired intensely the great Corsican. When the *Eroica* was finished Beethoven despatched a messenger with a copy of it to the ambassador. Before the composition reached Napoleon he had been declared Emperor. When his pupil Ries brought Beethoven (then living in Vienna) the news he started up in a rage, seized the copy of the score, and tore the title-page completely off, exclaiming: "After all, then, he's nothing but an ordinary mortal! He will trample the rights of men under his feet!" From this time Beethoven hated Napoleon, and never spoke of him again in connection with the symphony until he heard of his death in St. Helena, when he remarked, "I have already composed music for this calamity," evidently referring to the "Funeral March" in the symphony. Beethoven's life was full of trouble, privation, and suffering. He was always desperately poor, constantly imposed upon by false friends and faithless servants, sometimes half-mad, always generous, and at the bottom of his heart filled with a kind and gentle feeling. No composer who has yet lived has done as much for music as has the great Beethoven. The depth of his compositions will form an ever-changing field of research and study for all time to come. He died in 1827, in his fifty-seventh year, and is buried in the Wahring Cemetery, near Vienna.

After Beethoven the next central figure in piano music was Chopin, who not only composed exclusively for the piano, but was also a rare executant on the instrument. He was born, of French extraction, near Warsaw, in 1810. Chopin's musical career was spent in the most artistic and sympathetic surroundings, and had his health permitted would undoubtedly had even a still higher place in the realm of musical composition. As composer and virtuoso he is the founder of a new school, or perhaps may be said to share that distinction with Robert Schumann—the school which received so great an impetus by Liszt, and is now represented in an advanced state by Hans Guido von Bülow, who was born at Dresden, Saxony, the 8th of January, 1830. It was not originally intended that Von Bülow should devote his life to music; in fact it was only after a severe illness that his musical talents began to develop, and then at once to a surprising degree. Hans's first lessons in music were received from Frederick Wieck, father of the celebrated Clara Schumann, piano virtuoso, and wife of the great composer Robert Schumann. When Von Bülow was in his eighteenth year he entered the University of Leipzig and began there the study of jurisprudence; all the while, however, deeply interested in music, and still at work thereon. In 1849 he removed to Berlin, still with the avowed purpose of studying law. He here, however, became quickly absorbed in extraneous matters, notably in the stirring political upheaval of that period. He also devoted considerable time on articles which appeared in *Die Abendpost*, wherein he first began to uphold and announce the new school of German music, then receiving its birth at the hands of Wagner and Liszt. It was not, however, until 1850 that, on hearing a performance of *Lohengrin* at Weimar, conducted by Liszt, our young law student threw to the winds all thoughts of the science of justice, and determined henceforth to labor in the more congenial atmosphere of the musical world. He forthwith placed himself in Wagner's hands, who was at that time living in Zurich, Switzerland, for the purpose of instruction in the art of musical directing. A year later he drifted back to Weimar to study definitely the piano under the great master Liszt, whose youngest daughter, Cosima, he married in 1857. He remained there until 1853, when he set out on a tour to Vienna, Pesth, North and South Germany, being received everywhere with enthusiasm. From 1855 to 1864 he occupied the post of principal master of piano instruction in the Conservatorium of Professors Stern and Marx in Berlin. During this period he developed a stupendous activity in every branch of musical industry—recitals, trio-soirées, and orchestral concerts, with programmes of unrivalled variety, all, however, showing a decided leaning to the new school of music.

Besides these immense undertakings he found time to continue his musical writings and make frequent concert tours to various parts of Europe. In 1864 Herr Von Bülow accepted the post of conductor at the Royal Opera-house at Munich, also that of director of the Conservatorium. It was here that he produced those model performances of *Tristan and Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger*, which were the musical and operatic sensations of that day. Dr. Von Bülow remained in Munich until 1869, when he resigned his post. About this time certain family considerations, which need not be mentioned here, induced him to leave Germany for a time, and he settled down in Florence. Here he continued his unremitting labors for German music. After a time he emerged from his retirement, and has since played almost everywhere. His first and only visit to America up to this time was made in 1875–6. In 1877 he was made Conductor Royal at Hanover, and in 1880 pianist to the Duke of Meiningen. The University of Jena conferred upon him the degree of Dr. Phil. in 1863. Dr. Von Bülow is unquestionably one of the musical landmarks of the nineteenth century. Above all, he is endowed with the most colossal memory in the annals of music, going through the most prodigious programme, playing anything from Bach to Liszt with equal facility and surety. His pianism is the outgrowth of that technique begun by Climenti, which then found a higher interpretation at the hands of Frederic Chopin, and with the advanced construction in instruments, further elaboration in Liszt. Dr. Von Bülow's art rests primarily upon a passionate intellectuality, a deep and reverential musical feeling, then seeking refuge in a profound erudition, revealing the deepest thought and most thorough analysis of musical literature. Dr. Von Bülow's own literary labors are considerable and important. He has composed overtures to Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* and Lord Byron's *Cain*, besides a number of other writings for piano and also for the orchestra. In addition to these he has edited Beethoven's sonatas and variations, etc., for the piano, from Op. 53 and up, also selections from Seb. and Em. Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Cramer, etc., many of which are of great value to the student.

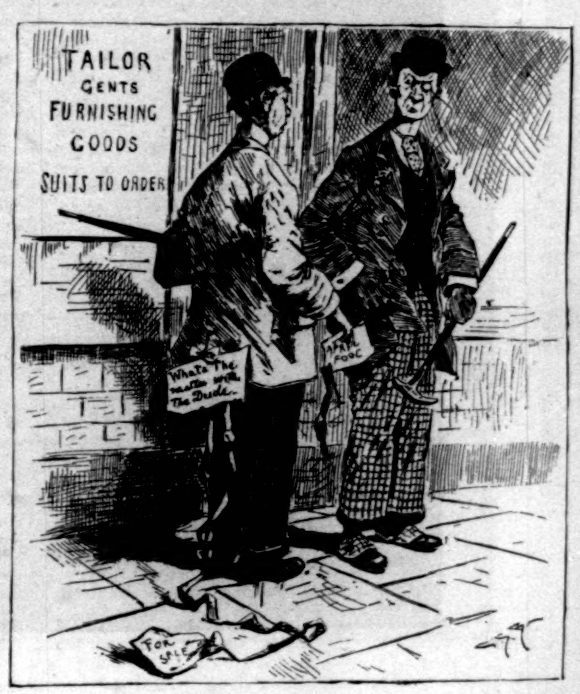
The educational value of this Cyclus of the great solo piano works of Beethoven's cannot be too highly estimated. It is perhaps once in a generation that the world of music produces a musician and pianist great enough to collate in serial form for public performance so perfect an exposition of the works of any composer, much less so profound a thinker as was Beethoven. The opportunity thus offered to study and delve deeply into this great composer's life, embracing as it does a space of time covering twenty-eight years of his existence, and this all within the boundaries of four days, is unparalleled in our musical experience. To the student of whatever branch of music this will be a lesson of profound importance. It will show to him the result of conscientious and untiring study, and it will hold up to his gaze a picture of intense application, and to all thoughtful students an object-lesson they can well take unto heart. For this gleam of brightness at the end of a musical season rather sterile in novelties we are indebted to the managerial forethought and enterprise of Mr. Edmund C. Stanton, the secretary of the Metropolitan Opera-house Company.

Harry P. Mawson.

THE THRONE OF HOLLAND.

William III., King of the Netherlands, has been declared incapable of performing his functions as sovereign, and is thus practically dethroned; but this action perhaps anticipates his death by a very short time, for though his Majesty is only seventy-two years old, he has exhausted the vital possibilities of an ordinary human system. William Alexander Paul Frederic Louis Nassau-Orange reigned forty years, having succeeded his father, William II., March 17, 1849. He has seen some famous sovereignties rise and fall, and a picturesque procession of royalties pass across the scene into oblivion; but he is one of the historic witnesses that thrones are not necessarily unstable structures. William was the third ruler of the new kingdom of Holland—the monarchy organized at the close of the wars of the French Revolution, and upon the downfall of Napoleon. Under Napoleon the whole country had been made part of the French Empire. The new monarchy was a very liberal constitutional state, and included, besides its present territories, all that now constitutes the kingdom of Belgium, which, however, seceded and set up for itself in 1830. In the new monarchy a Prince of Orange seemed the natural and necessary executive. For over three centuries this family has been conspicuous in all the great events and struggles in those countries, and may be regarded as one of the most famous families in modern history. If it has produced a few profligate princes, it has been fruitful in statesmen, patriots, and soldiers. As German Counts of Nassau the family is of great antiquity, but that a German family conspicuous mainly in the history of Holland should be known by a title derived from France seems an anomaly. Henry of Nassau, who placed the diadem on the head of Charles V. as Emperor of Germany, attracted the favorable attention of Francis I., King of France, who gave him in marriage Claudia, sister of Philibert, Prince of Orange, a French nobleman. Philibert died without children, and his estates and title descended to his sister's son, and thus the Counts of Nassau became Princes of Orange, and were authorized to bear this title when the principality passed finally into other hands. William III., coming in the line of the men who have made the fame of his family, suggests the case of the goose's egg in the eagle's nest; but it may be properly remembered that his mother was a daughter of the Emperor Paul of Russia, and such an ancestry is enough to account for every possible vagary that may distort human life. Royal personages of the Russian type are not able to see any reason why they should restrain the capricious impulses of a sensual nature; and this want of perception was conspicuous in William himself and in his eldest son. Yet he was a good sovereign in this sense that he commonly kept himself well within the limits set to his authority by the constitution of the country. If the reign of a dissolute sovereign is always a prosperous period in the history of a country, the Netherlands had the advantage of this association, for there was a great development of the national resources under William. One of the pleasanter phases of William's extravagant nature was his passion for music. He equalled Louis of Bavaria as a lover of music, but he had no Wagner.

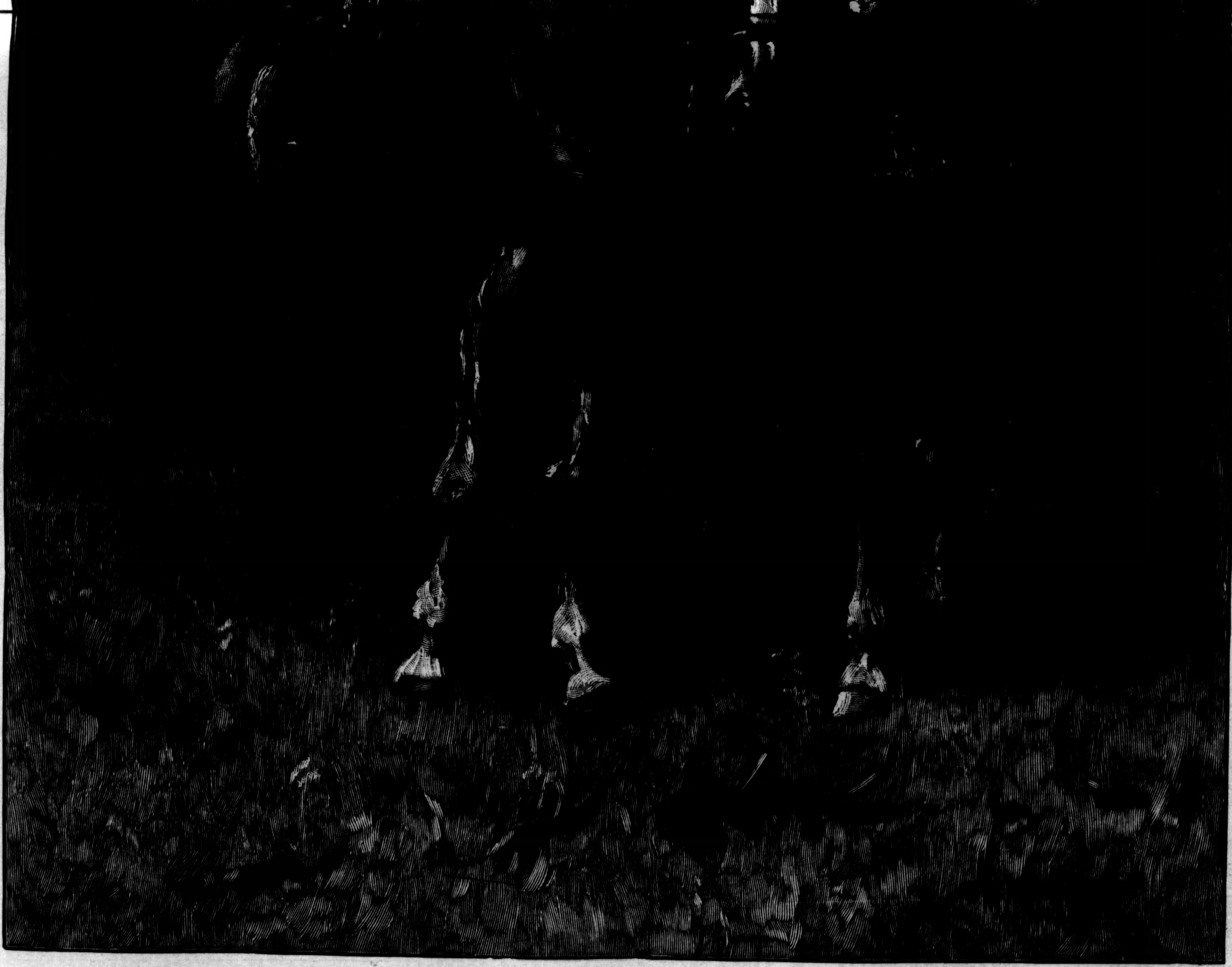
William was twice married. His first wife was Sophia, daughter of the King of Würtemberg. His two sons by that marriage are both dead. One of them was known in his life mainly as a princely debauchee in Paris, where he was called Citron; Prince Lemon, rather than Prince of Orange, by way of sportive variation. In January, 1879, William married Emma Adelaide Wilhelmine Therese, daughter of the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont. She was then twenty-one. Her daughter and only child, Wilhelmine, was born in 1880. This daughter will succeed to the throne if she lives, and in the mean time a regency will be formed. There will be no perceptible evil in a regency government in this case; for the country is tranquil and so thoroughly used to the political system and the domination of a ministry representing the majority that the individuality of the nominal executive is of the least possible consequence. If any trouble in Europe can possibly arise out of the change that will follow the King's disappearance from the scene, it must be with regard to the Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg. William was King of the Netherlands and Grand-Duke of Luxemburg; but Luxemburg is not a part of the kingdom, and the association of the two states was personal only. The sovereignties will be separated now, for Luxemburg is under the Salic law, and though the King's daughter can inherit his kingdom, she cannot inherit the Grand-Duchy. Dispute as to this inheritance is almost inevitable, and that dispute may threaten the peace of Europe. One of the claimants is the German Emperor, who is not likely to neglect his own interests. The obvious heir is a certain colonel of Austrian dragoons, the son of the Duke of Nassau, of what is called the older line of the family, or the line of Walran. Nassau was annexed to Prussia in 1866. In 1839 there was a somewhat peculiar financial transaction by which the Grand-Duke of Luxemburg conveyed to Holland, for the sum of $350,000, all his hereditary right over the Grand-Duchy. If that was not a mere cover for taking so much money out of the national treasury, the transaction may prove of consequence in the present crisis. If the Grand-Duke William could extinguish the rights of his family by sale, so that Luxemburg should have a relation with the crown of the Netherlands without regard to his life, he could not overcome the obstacle of the Salic law, and may thus merely have troubled the title of Alexander of Nassau. But it is possible that the claim of Alexander will be maintained, for that will best answer the general interest, since it will probably defer the solution of the Luxemburg problem, which has more than once nearly led to war between Germany and France. Alexander's succession would seem to be the only conclusion consistent with the treaty made by all the powers in London in 1867, which prevented the war then apparently imminent.



APRIL FIRST.

"Baw Jawve! Van Coot, I should have tho't you'd—aw—noticed the weight of this beastly thing I've just removed from your coat tail."

"Yas, baw Jawve, and the length of it too."



CHEYENNE SCOUTS PATROLLING THE BIG TIMBER OF THE NORTH CANADIAN, OKLAHOMA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 267.]

OLD BOYS.

THE "Old Boys" spin their tops of trade,
And make them hum where games are played.
How warily they wind them!
Their neighbors' tops they peg and split,
And think they make a happy hit
If they in ruins find them.

And they are fond of pitch and toss;
And when they fail to win, the loss
Shows their book-keeping funny.
'Tis "heads I win and tails you lose,"
And that's the way a fortune goes,
And fools part with their money.

Sometimes they fly their kites in air
With little but the paper there,
And slender ties that hold them.
A sudden change may bring them down,
Although they floated o'er the town
Before their makers sold them.

Sometimes with pipes and watered soap,
Their faces radiant of hope,
They fill the air with bubbles,
And when fate pricks the shining skin
We wonder how a thing so thin
Could cause so many troubles.

'Tis sport to see them play at ball;
They call them stocks that rise and fall;
They show their skill at gammon.
A "bull" may toss them to the skies,
A "bear" growl when he sees them rise
In the great mart of Mammon.

They play at leap-frog as they go
Over each other high and low,
And sometimes backward falling.
'Tis strange to see the "Old Boys" leap
Over a fence like silly sheep,
And fall in Wall Street sprawling.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

FIRETOWN'S NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.

FIRETOWN isn't what you'd call a fashionable place, nor the people haven't all of them a real high eddication; but they've got common-sense, and if I do say it that shouldn't, they've always treated my husband Jeremiah in a very honorary manner. He's ben one of the Grand-Jurors time an' time again, an' belonged to the Board of Relief two years a-goin'; an' once (that was in 1850) he was run for Legislature. When they 'lected him dekin, ten years ago, I thought that was the last title he'd ever get; but it did seem as if the people in our deestrict hadn't had chances enough to show how they thought of him, an' so this year he was voted in school committee. My Jeremiah ain't a vain man. With all his faults, I don't believe he's one single vain hair in his head. Of course, it being an office that come to him of its own accord (he staid home from school meetin' that night on account of the rheumatiz), it made him feel a good deal more important than as if he'd run after it; but in a day or two he got used to the honor the same as he'd got used to the others, an' didn't act any different to his friends because of it.

It was Mr. Stokes that put the idea of a new school-house in Jeremiah's head. Not that 'twas the first time it had ben talked of; why, full twenty years ago the question was started, and it made such a disturbance then that the north end of the deestrict, who wanted a new one, wa'n't on speaking terms with the south, who didn't, for more than six weeks. But when the vote went 16 to 12 for repairing, both sides quieted down; an' since then there hadn't ben another word said about a new school-house till the time I'm going to tell you of. I s'pose 'twas Stokes bein' a young man, an' already having two children (he practises law in the city, but his folks live in Firetown), made him think of it. Anyway he came over to our house one night and said, "It would be criminal carelessness letting those children go to school in that rickety building any longer; there'd ought to be a new one built *right away*." Jeremiah was clear took back at first, and declared there wasn't time before the fall term commenced. But Stokes argued there was, if only they could be brought to agree at the first meetin'. He is pretty convincin' in his conversation, and the upshot of it was, Jeremiah came round to his way of thinkin'.

Well, the school meetin' was set for the 1st of the month, and when it got about—my sakes! how the folks did talk! Presidential 'lection wa'n't anything to it, nor whether or not the minister's wife had been complainin' to the other church of the way we treated her; and at Mis' Simon's quilting party the new school-house was 'most the only thing they said a word about. I believe in women being interested in outside things myself; but when I went over to Mis' Brown's to get my recipe for sponge-cake she'd borrowed, and she said "she was so busy preparing a paper 'bout the school-house for the Ladies' Literary Circle that she'd have to ask me to wait till next week," I did think that was carrying it a leetle too far. Maybe I was harsh in my judgment, and 'twas thought best to bring the trouble nearer home, for it wa'n't long after that I begun to notice my Jeremiah was gittin' excited too. He hadn't been so *very* anxious for a new one in the first place, but the more folks talked against it, the more set he was for it. An' one night he came home an' says to me, "Jerushy," says he, "if I could give $75 and have that school-house built, I'd do it in a minute." Ordinarily Jeremiah is a leetle inclined to be near, an' I felt, when he said that, he must be deeply moved.

I don't know but 'twould seem strange to some people, and such a thing hasn't happened in Firetown before since the remembrance of any one, but all we women went to that school meetin'. I proposed it. I didn't think 'twas proper for me to be the only one, an' I felt I'd ought to go to look after my husban'. Jeremiah is a well-meaning man, and generally *very honest;* but when I thought of the excitement he was laborin' under I wanted to see with my own eyes that he didn't put two votes into the hat, or use undue persuasion, or anything of that sort. So I proposed it to the other women, and we all went. They sat together on the long bench, but some one handed me a chair, and I placed it right where I could catch Jeremiah's eye if he got to doing anything rash. (I s'pose they thought 'twas proper to give me the honorary place, seein' I was wife of the committee.) Old Mr. Lawson made the first speech. He ain't what you would call a fluent speaker, but he'd got what he wanted to say written down, an' managed to get through with it somehow. All about taxes it was; how for years they'd ben threatenin' to ruin the land-owners, an' how much higher a new school-house would make them. "We don't need a new one," he finished with—"not any more than we need a dancing hall, or a free library, or —or two heads; no, nor half as much. A new head might be an advantage to some folks" (an' here he looked at Jeremiah); "they'd stand a chance of gittin' a few brains 'long with it."

He sat down then, and Stokes got up to answer him. Maybe some of you have heard Stokes speak an' know how it is. He didn't read what he had to say, an' blunder through the reading. I guess not! You'd almost thought his mouth was coated inside with wax, the words slipped out so easy. And the way he said them! Why, I'd ben partial to having a new school-house from the beginnin', but before he got through talking it seemed to me that every person who voted against it ought to be flayed, an'— No, I don't mean that, but I did feel as if they'd ought to be put in a lunatic asylum. It stirred me up so much I forgot I was in meetin', where women should be seen an' not heard, and the minute he stopped I rushed over to him. "It's every word gospel truth," says I, "an' your wife ain't a bit prouder of you to-day than I am." "Jerushy!" exclaimed Jeremiah. The other men were talking about their votes and didn't notice, an' 'twas only *school* meetin', so I don't know as 'twill be counted a sin. By-an'-by the voting commenced. I didn't breathe twice while the hat was going round, and I do sometimes think that if I'd seen Jeremiah try to put in two slips I'd have looked the other way an' let him done it. But he didn't offer to (ordinarily my husband ain't the excitable one in our family), and the votes turned out a tie.

"There'll have to be a new ballot taken," said the chairman; and Stokes got up to begin another argument.

It didn't seem to me I could live all that anxiety over again. "Jeremiah," I said, "I'm going home." An' before he could answer yes or no I was out-of-doors. We don't live far from the school-house, an' every step of the way I was thinking 'bout that tie. I knew the other side wouldn't give in at the next ballot; 'twas too late for a new meetin'; an' after that speech of Stokes it did seem a sin them children should have to stay in that buildin' through the winter. The more I thought of it, the worse I felt. I believe I cried a leetle, an' before I could get anyways reconciled I come to the house, an' saw Jim Fisk sittin' there on the piazza waitin'. My face got smoothed out then pretty quick. There shouldn't no one have a chance to say I got excited at school meetin', if '*twas* the truth. Not that I cared much about Jim. He was love-cracked anyway, folks said, an' for the last four or five years had lived up on the mountain in a cave, never comin' down where people were except when he wanted victuals. A "hermit" some called him. But I'd a leetle rather even hermits shouldn't suspect.

"Ben waitin' long?" I asked, as cheery as could be, an' startin' to get the butter he was after. "We ain't very often away from home evenin's, but I've ben down this time to the meetin' to see how the vote 'bout the new school-house turned out."

"Talkin' 'bout a new one, are they?"

"Well, I should say so! Good land! hain't you heard of that? They've talked of it for weeks, an' I waited to hear how the vote turned out. 'Twas a tie."

He laughed hearty, for him. "A tie, hey? They'd ought to hev hed me thar to decide it."

"Good land o' Goshen! Jim Fisk, do you belong to our deestrict?"

"I s'pose I do. I've ben here long enough, an' I dun know nothin' 'gainst livin' in a cave."

I jumped up and grabbed his arm, not caring whether I acted excited or not then. "Do you start an' run—*run*," says I, "to that school-house, an' tell 'em you've come to vote; an' vote to have a new one. It 'll decide it. Mercy on us, man, don't stand there starin'! Can't you *start?*"

"You're gittin' stirred up, old lady," he said. "I ain't anxious to go. 'Tain't no consarn o' mine."

"Don't be a pesky fool!" cried I, so flustrated I couldn't choose my words. "The lives of all the children in the deestrict is dependin' on that new school-house."

"I dun know as I keer 'bout their lives," grinned he.

I don't s'pose I'd have done it—I reely don't s'pose I'd have done it if I'd had a chance to think. But I knew if I wasted much time the meetin' would be done with, an' the chance of a new buildin' over for that year. It made me feel wild, so to speak, an' in my flurry I never sensed I was a dekin's wife.

"Jim Fisk," says I, "if you'll go this minute, an' not say you was sent, *I'll give you them two pounds of butter!*"

He spoke up firm and prompt: "Good fer you, Mis' Jerushy! I'll do it."

The second he was gone I dropped into a chair as limp as if I'd just been wrung out of water. "The Lord have mercy on me!" says I; "what would Jeremiah say?"

I've considered a good deal about it since. It was a sin—a *terrible* sin. An' me bein' a dekin's wife makes it worse. Though somehow, when Jeremiah come home, tickled to death, an' wonderin' what put the notion of voting into Jim Fisk's head, I couldn't feel for certain I'd repented.

MRS. DEACON JEREMIAH SMITH.

YOUNG THINGS.

Now by the slender bird's unbroken wings,
By frail chrysanthemums which shyly lift
Unbruisèd blossoms from the early drift,
What tender shepherding enfolds young things!
All Nature feels their sweet insistent charms,
And green things warmly 'neath cold drifts abide,
While 'mid the storm unweanèd lambs safe hide
Within the old gray fences' circling arms.
And with young birds and lambs and budding things
Old Earth doth cherish with most tender care
The sweet girl faces her rough breast doth bear.
Strong arms about them earth-love softly flings,
While from high heaven God, with tender face,
Bends down to lift them o'er each rough-hewn place.

LUCY E. TILLEY.

THE RETURN OF THE BALL-PLAYERS.

ALL Americans who are interested in base-ball —and what American, of the younger generation at any rate, is not interested in the national game?—have been looking forward to the arrival this week of the famous aggregation of players that has been around the world under the management of Mr. A. G. Spalding.

As originally planned, the trip was intended to take in only Australia and New Zealand, and arrangements were made to spend most of the winter in the antipodes. On the arrival of the party in Australia, however, a cordial invitation was received from the Marylebone Cricket Club to extend the tour westward, and to return by way of Europe, instead of coming home across the Pacific again. This invitation decided Mr. Spalding to adopt the western route. On the arrival of the party in England its reception by the Marylebone Club was such as to more than justify the decision.

For some years past it has been the fashion for base-ball clubs to take a winter tour. Some have gone to the Southern States, and some to Cuba, where the game has taken a firm hold of the affections of the sport-loving people of the island. California too has been a favorite winter resort for ball-players. It was therefore only an extension of an idea that had been previously put in execution to plan a trip to Australia. The two teams, of ten men each, which constituted the playing strength of the party, assembled at Chicago October 20, 1888, almost immediately upon the conclusion of the professional season here. By November 3d, after playing several games on the way, they arrived in San Francisco. There they remained until the 18th, when they took passage by the steamer *Alameda* for Auckland and Sydney. The party consisted of the following players: Messrs. Daly, Baldwin, Tener, Anson, Pfeffer, Burns, Williamson, Sullivan, Ryan, and Pettit, constituting the Chicago team; Messrs. Earle, Carroll, Crane, Healy, Manning, Ward, Wood, Hanlon, Brown, and Fogarty, constituting the "All America" team; Mr. A. G. Spalding and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lincoln, Mrs. Anson, Mrs. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Lynch, Mr. Snyder, Mr. George Wright, Messrs. McMillan, Palmer, and Goodfriend, newspaper correspondents, and Clarence Duval, the little colored "mascot" and drum-major of the Chicago team.

On their way across the Pacific the party stopped one day at Honolulu, and were received with wonder and admiration by the Hawaiians. The next stop was at Tutuila, now famous in connection with the Samoan difficulty. The steamer merely touched here, and went on to Auckland, where there was a stop of twelve hours, and the teams went ashore and limbered up their sea-stiffened joints by playing a game of ball. Finally, on December 14th, Sydney was reached. Accounts had been cabled to this country of the interest with which the Australians were awaiting the advent of the party, and of the reception prepared for them; but the party themselves were surprised and almost overwhelmed by the attentions that were showered upon them. First there was a grand public reception, at which the provincial and city officials did the honors. Then within the next eight days there were sixteen more dinners, lunches, and receptions. Indeed an Australian correspondent, who has been familiar with Sydney for years, writes that never was so much fuss made over the arrival of a new Governor-General as greeted the Spalding party.

The time of the visitors was not, however, entirely taken up with receptions and dinners. They had come to play base-ball, and play they did, almost every day. When they left home they had expected to defer so far to British prejudice as to play cricket also; and indeed Mr. George Wright went with the party in the capacity of head cricketer. They found, however, that cricket was apparently in a moribund state. The Australians are faster people than those of the mother country, and a game which requires from two to four days to finish one match does not appeal to them as it does to the leisure-loving Briton at home. Base-ball struck the Australian fancy. The batting, spectators thought, did not seem to be very strong, but the fielding, and especially the throwing, seemed to them amazingly sharp and accurate, while the base-stealing never failed to elicit roars of laughter and applause. The quickness and liveliness of the game were duly appreciated, and there seemed to be a practically unanimous verdict that base-ball has more of a future in Australia than cricket. By the time the Spalding party finally left Melbourne, after playing in Sydney, Adelaide, and Ballarat, there were eighteen clubs already organized in the three provinces of Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia, and Mr. Simpson, who had accompanied the party thus far, was left in Australia as a sort of instructor and organizer-general for the Australian Leagues. It may be mentioned here, too, that a New Zealand League was formed also, with clubs at Auckland, Wellington, Brisbane, and other places. The single game the teams were able to play at Auckland stimulated a base-ball fever that had already been caught, and the New Zealand League seems likely to prove a success.

The stay in Australia was shortened by the determination to return home by way of India, Suez, and Europe, and the party left Melbourne for Colombo in the steamer *Salier* on the 8th of January. It was the intention at first to go from Colombo to Calcutta, and play a few games there and at Bombay; but on reaching Ceylon the advices from Calcutta were not encouraging, and after playing one game on the ancient island, very much to the astonishment of the natives, who could not understand why men should exert themselves in such a violent manner who were not compelled to do so, the players continued in the same steamer to Aden and Suez.

Cairo was the next objective point, and on February 9th, the day after Suez was reached, the party were under the shadow of the Pyramid of Ghizeh, and in full view of the Sphinx. Here a game was played, and although the shifting sands of the desert made fielding rather difficult, the players felt that forty centuries were looking down upon them, and exerted themselves to the utmost. Such a sight was never seen before, and may never be again: the most ancient monuments of almost prehistoric man and the most modern diversion of the newest man, and the most progressive on the face of the earth, here were face to face. The game at the pyramids was the only one played in Egypt. No stop was made at Alexandria, and the quickest time possible was made to Brindisi.

Rome used to be a great place for physical contests, but the Italians of the present day are not sportsmen. Almost the only spectators of the game at Rome were the Americans resident there, more especially the Irish American youth attending the College of the Propaganda. To be sure, King Humbert and the Queen are reported to have passed by the villa Borghese while the game was going on, and even to have stopped for a moment or two, but there were very few Italian spectators. At Florence a fine game was played, but the attendance, as at Rome, was almost entirely of American residents and travellers, together with a few Englishmen. At Nice the experience was repeated. At Paris there was a large concourse of people, but the French did not at all understand the game, and are not likely to take to it. In fact none of the European nations, except perhaps the Spaniards, are fond of the sort of out-door sports to which the English and Americans are so devoted. There isn't a "good base-ball town" on the Continent, unless Barcelona and Madrid be excepted, whither the game has been imported from Cuba. This was so evident that all idea of going to Vienna and Berlin, as was at first contemplated, was abandoned. Circumstances rendered a Spanish journey out of the question. After a short stay, therefore, in Paris, the party crossed the Channel, in one of the worst storms known there for years, and reached London four weeks ago, on the 9th of March.

The experience of the party as guests of the Marylebone Cricket Club was very like their experience in Australia. Their first game on Kensington Oval was honored by the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Buccleuch and Beaufort, the Earls of Londesborough, Coventry, Sheffield, and Bessborough, Lord Randolph Churchill, and no end of smaller lordlings, besides that great civic dignitary the Lord Mayor of London, and about eight thousand people without any title at all. The next game in London was played on the famous Lord's ground, long sacred to cricket. Others were played at the Crystal Palace and at Leyton's, in the famous "East End," where there was an immense crowd of spectators. It is possible that base-ball may now be added to the list of the diversions of the "People's Palace."

The journey from London through the "provinces" was made in grand style in a special train of seven cars, which included two sleeping and two dining cars of the American pattern. Nobody but the Queen has ever before travelled in such fashion in Great Britain. Games were played in Bristol, Sheffield, Manchester, and Liverpool, which were all well attended, and which elicited some enthusiasm among the on-lookers. In fact the English trip was as pleasant as possible, and the great American game was favorably received everywhere. Still there is small likelihood that base-ball will take any such hold of the public mind in England as it did in Australia, or that it will very soon become even a serious rival of cricket. There is something outrageous to an Englishman in the idea that he shall not be allowed to run on a long hit simply because the ball falls outside of certain lines. It seems almost equally outrageous, too, that when he has made a good hit he should not continue batting until he is out. Still the game may make its way eventually even in that most conservative of countries. The intrinsic merits of the game are such that if it once obtains a foothold in England it is bound to spread, especially among the masses, who have not time to play cricket.

As will be seen by a glance at their names, some of the players are of Irish extraction. They, at any rate, could not think of coming back to America without a visit to the "ould sod." The days spent in Ireland were among the pleasantest of the entire trip, and when the party finally left Queenstown last week there were some regrets as well as many pleasant anticipations.

This number of HARPER'S WEEKLY goes to press before the teams have arrived in New York Harbor, and it is therefore impossible to give an account of their reception here.

HUNTING WILD TURKEY BY MOONLIGHT.

The best that can be said of the wild turkey is that he is the most delicious of birds to eat, but as to taking care of himself he exercises but few precautions. In the older colonial times turkeys used to be caught in large numbers in many different ways. One method was to build a trap somewhat like a house, and to leave the lower part of it open. Then a trail of corn was laid, which the turkey followed until he got inside of the pen, and then *Meleagris gallopavo* had not sense enough to creep out again. To use a turkey-call, and to thus bring the birds from their hiding-places, was once a favorite method of getting turkeys. There are many stories of turkeys being treed by means of dogs. Once the bird alighted on a tree branch he was supposed to stay there; but turkeys in time changed their ways, and this method of treeing a turkey is to-day rarely possible. In Texas, chasing the turkeys from the woods, and getting them into the open prairie, has been before this described. It is an exciting sport, requiring swift horses and good riders. The birds are literally cut down in their flight by the whips of the riders. A turkey, if he is fat, when chased in this way takes a long flight at first, but by degrees his course diminishes, and sooner or later he is caught up with.

Shooting turkeys when roosting, as Mr. Zogbaum has sketched it, can hardly be called sport; that is, in the higher application of the term. It should, however, be remembered that in southwestern Texas and Indian Territory meat is meat. Men kill game not so much for the pleasures of the chase as to satisfy hunger. In the far West, where turkeys take to the woods which skirt the streams, they are spotted. The hunter leaves them alone in the day-time, but of a moonlight night bags his score of birds. The turkeys seem unconscious that there is any danger, and though there may be several on a limb, two or three can be killed, when almost in immediate contact, before the whole flock awakens and takes its flight. The abundant food which the turkey finds in Texas makes it the finest of all birds to eat.

CHEYENNE SCOUTS IN OKLAHOMA.

It is the promised land, to be opened to settlers on the 22d of April. If before that specified date any one presumes to trespass, his rights are to be forfeited. But men are impatient, cannot wait, and all along the line the boomers dally, anxious for the chance to enter and prospect. There is, of course, much choice to be exercised in selecting the land, and with the boomer the doctrine is first come first served. One might fancy that, with such a vast expanse of country as is ours, there would be plenty of other localities where settlers might find equally good lands, and yet this Oklahoma has advantages of a local character. Through the centre of it runs the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad; but more than that, water and timber are plentiful. The Indians, the so-called "wards of the nation," do not accept the situation with grace. It means to them dispersion and annihilation. They interpret in the strictest sense the President's proclamation. For a long time before they have been watching the inroads on their hunting grounds. Mr. Remington presents a graphic sketch of two Cheyenne scouts, who are looking for the coming of the white men. The Indians belong to the police force of the United States, and are patrolling the North Canadian, intent on their duty. Their ways may be somewhat summary, but they are acting in accordance with their orders. As a scout the Indian, when subjected to discipline, must be the most effective of soldiers. None possesses in higher degree the instincts of the sleuth-hound. It is to be trusted that the possession of Oklahoma will be a bloodless one. The fear is not so much that the Indians will offer any resistance, but that the settlers who have hived here from all quarters will quarrel and dispute among themselves as to their claims.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS REVERSED.

I little thought that I should ever be called upon to fill the rôle of the world-famous Trojan, especially as I had always bemoaned the fact that I was not blessed with my full share of the good looks with which my enemy Paris was so plentifully endowed. I say enemy advisedly, for I disliked him from the first, and have always cherished a wholesome disdain for him, while I regarded his willingness to give up both wisdom and riches merely for the sake of a good-looking woman as the very height of imbecility, which could not have failed to bring upon him condign punishment.

Being an old bachelor myself, and blessed with what I considered a fair amount of common-sense, I felicitated myself that so far I had not fallen a victim to the charms of any member of the fair sex. Possibly this may have been due to the fact that I had always avoided the danger, and had let the fair ones severely alone. My friends often tried to inveigle me into society, but I would not be tempted. I was contented, and determined to let well enough alone. I would not court unhappiness, nor would I call upon anybody's pretty sisters—no, not I.

On a certain winter's evening a little over a year ago I had been enjoying a very cozy dinner with my three friends Weston, Hollingsford, and Mitchell, charming fellows, who, though somewhat younger than I, yet always showed a willingness to dine *chez moi*, which was not tempered by any discrepancy in years. On this particular evening dinner was over, and Mitchell was just dropping a second lump of sugar into his cup of black coffee, when the conversation drifted in the direction of the German opera.

"Madame Flambeau is without doubt as ugly a woman as ever existed," I incidentally remarked.

"Oh no," broke in Weston; "indeed she is not. I have a cousin by whose side she would be considered a perfect beauty."

I hastened to declare that I did not believe it possible, when Hollingsford asserted that he had a cousin whom he would match against any homely woman that Weston could produce.

"I don't believe that your cousin is a circumstance to mine," he continued, enthusiastically. "She would take a prize in any exhibition, and create a sensation that would fill the heart of the ten-thousand-dollar beauty with despair. I have no hesitation in saying that she is the plainest woman in the whole world."

"Look here," interrupted Mitchell, who had up to this point seemed quite absorbed in studying the weather indications presented by the bubbles floating across the surface of his coffee; "*I* have a cousin too, whom I'm ready to put up against any two women that you can produce, and I will wager any amount that she will knock Hollingsford's cousin into the middle of next week."

"Impossible," responded that worthy gentleman; "I'll never yield the prize to any one but Maria Agnes Palmer, only daughter of my beloved aunt Mary, who always used to urge my mother to let me spend my vacations with her, in order that she might make my life miserable, until I came to regard the opening of school as a happy release. She belonged to Macaulay's class of old Puritans who looked upon bear-baiting as a sin, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators, and Maria Agnes is just like her mother, so every one tells me, both in looks and disposition."

"I say, Weston," exclaimed Mitchell, "what fun it would be to bring them all together, and let Lloyd here decide who is the ugliest; then we will abide by his decision, as he is, of course, the only disinterested one. How could I, for instance, ever regard my cousin Kate Mitchell with an impartial eye when I remember how she comes to see my sisters just so often, for the sole purpose of telling how injurious cigarettes are, how very extravagant I am considered, and what expensive roses she heard that I sent to Miss Wellington on the night of her reception, which I attended, after having regretted that business duties would prevent my coming to her (Kate's) musical that same evening—as though I could be in two places at once?"

"Capital!" cried Weston. "We will invite them all to dinner, and Lloyd shall sit in judgment, and the cousins of the defeated candidates shall pay for the dinner. What do you say, Lloyd? Will you refuse to face such a galaxy of beauty?"

I replied that, under the circumstances, I would come to the dinner with pleasure, though they knew that it was against my principles to mingle in ladies' society at all, and I begged that I might not be forced to decide so weighty a question. But I was overruled, and before I knew it had consented to shoulder the responsibility of selecting the least attractive cousin, and had, moreover, said that I should be most happy to take the whole party to the theatre in the evening.

We finally came to the conclusion that during the dinner I should have ample time to decide which cousin carried off the palm of ugliness, and to her, when dessert came on, I should present a bonbonnière, which in form of a gilded apple should surmount the tray of bonbons.

"And thus shall the judgment of Paris be reversed," gayly exclaimed Mitchell, as he condescendingly pocketed a couple of my best cigars before bidding me good-night. "Only remember that you must escort the heroine of the golden apple to the theatre yourself, after having shown her such marked consideration. Ha! ha! ha!" he added. "To think of Lloyd really accompanying ladies to the theatre of his own free-will! We must keep a sharp lookout for the cousins, fellows, if we are going to expose them to the battery of his fascinations. Poor things! I hope that their heads will not be completely turned."

I joined the laugh with the others, but after they had gone I sat down by the fire and thought what an idiot I had been to allow myself to be drawn into such juvenile nonsense. Was this all that my consistency amounted to? Ought my good resolutions, long preserved unbroken, to be thus lightly set aside for anybody's cousins? Should they prove ever so repulsive and disagreeable, they nevertheless wore petticoats and belonged to that class of cold and heartless schemers whose society I had forsworn since the day, long years since, when my best friend Richard Jackson had died of a broken heart, and I had determined thenceforward to have nothing more to do with the treacherous sex. After all, it made very little difference to me. Cousins might come and go without affecting me in the least. I had long ago become invulnerable, and had learned coldly to pass the schemers by on the other side.

In less than three weeks from this time the night for the eventful dinner arrived. It was to take place in my apartments, as I had heard that my sister, Mrs. Winchester, was to be in town, and —happy thought!—knowing that she would expect to dine with me, I arranged to have her come and help me to receive the cousins, for whose arrival I now waited with much greater interest than I would have willingly acknowledged to any one could be aroused within me merely by the arrival of three very ugly women. It was probably the fact of their unusual ugliness that interested me so much, and I had several times caught myself speculating upon the probable immensity of Miss Mitchell's mouth and the possible magnitude of Miss Palmer's nose. I had even calculated in a scientific way the relative importance of these two given features. Admitted that each was just as ugly as it could be, which was the more important, a nose or a mouth? Both were quite necessary, but there had been times when I had felt that I could dispense with my nose; but my mouth—never. I was determined to be most conscientious in my decision.

This was the first time that I had invited any ladies to dine with me, save an occasional distant relative from the country, and my sister, who always condescended to spend a long and unhappy evening with me once a year. How much good advice she could get into one evening, and what unalterable opinions she had on every subject, from politics to laundry bills! No one else could be held responsible for her opinions; she entered the world fully armed and equipped with them. It was bad enough for women to have opinions at all, and even when they had the sense to get them from some reasonable man they always lost sight of the essential points, and permitted every little personal prejudice full sway in the end.

I could not but feel, however, a slight flutter of excitement at the thought of receiving three of the much-avoided sex at once, besides my sister. I vaguely wondered if the man had dusted the rooms. I knew that women objected very much to dust. Whenever I heard it said that any woman was "a model house-keeper" a vision arose before me of some one wearing a white apron, who appears flourishing in one hand a dusting cloth and in the other a feather duster; who invades the peaceful study or the tranquil sitting-room, and with her weapons of warfare begins her work of devastation. She fills the air with minute particles, and the dust rises at her approach; she moves all the papers, and alters the positions of the pipes and match boxes; then she takes down all the books, and rubs the dust into the edges with the cloth before putting them all back in the wrong places. I went over to the mantel and blew violently to see if it was dusty; evidently it was, for I sneezed. How stupid of James! I took out my silk handkerchief and switched it nervously up and down the mantel-shelf until I succeeded in knocking off my best pipe—just nicely colored, too. Women were a perfect nuisance anyhow, and had always made trouble for every one since the advent of Eve. Nevertheless I could not control a desire to glance in the mirror each time that I went by it—an offence of which I am seldom guilty—and as I straightened my tie for the sixth time I was dimly conscious of a faint satisfaction at the thought of perhaps making somewhat of an impression in my rôle of genial host upon an invoice of femininity which had not been spoiled by too much flattery and adoration. I was only forty, after all, and if not handsome, my hair had not yet begun to grow thin on top, and my teeth were really remarkably fine; the genial smiling host was certainly quite my style. I knew these thoughts to be unworthy of me as a scholar and scientist, but we are all unworthy of ourselves now and then.

Steps in the hall caused me to take up a paper and assume a careless position in my easy-chair by the fire. My sister had arrived and also Mitchell, by whose side appeared the first of the cousins. I rose hastily and met them with great cordiality. "I am so very glad to know you, Miss Mitchell. This is my sister, Mrs. Winchester, who has kindly consented to preside over our little party, and who will, I know, have the goodness to show the ladies where to leave their wraps. Before my first guests had taken off their things Hollingsford appeared, accompanied by his cousin Miss Palmer, and closely followed by Weston and his cousin Miss Winifred Weston.

It was not until all were fairly seated at table that I succeeded in getting a good square look at the three cousins, and then I know that I did stare. Good heavens! there had been some dreadful mistake. I looked from Hollingsford to Weston and from Weston to Mitchell, but without eliciting a responsive glance. Then I looked once more at the cousins; they were all three young and very beautiful. Slowly the truth dawned upon me: I was being made game of; I had been selected as a fitting victim for an amazing practical joke. Once I thought I caught a faint twinkle in Mitchell's perfidious eye, which convinced me of the fact. I doubted if these were their cousins at all; it was impossible that every one of the three should have such a pretty cousin. I would give them no satisfaction, however; they should not gather from my serene bearing that I recognized any departure from the original programme; so I smiled and conversed with the cousins one and all in a way calculated to show that I was perfectly at my ease.

Miss Mitchell was a brilliant brunette, with laughing brown eyes and very rosy cheeks and dark wavy hair; she was dressed in a gown of dark blue velvet which became her wonderfully—a fact of which she seemed quite aware. Miss Palmer and Miss Weston were both blondes, though of quite different types. The former was petite and charming, with blue eyes, pink cheeks, and very fluffy light hair; while the latter was tall and graceful, with large gray eyes, shaded by the longest of black lashes; she had a wonderfully sweet smile, which disclosed the whitest of teeth; she wore her hair brushed straight back from her forehead, and fastened in a simple knot at the back. Her dress was of plain dark green silk, while Miss Palmer wore a charming suit of light gray.

Surely the enemy had invaded my very camp, but I would give no one the pleasure of knowing what a blaze of wrath I was inwardly stifling as I calmly passed the olives, and begged the fair ones to try the salted almonds. It was not that I really objected to the pretty girls, but it was the principle of the thing. My confidence had been abused, and, moreover, the wretched men had dared to invite their cousins to come and laugh at me in my own house. Oh, it was too much; it was adding insult to injury But had those confounded fellows allowed their cousins to share the joke which they seemed to be enjoying so thoroughly? No, I would not believe them capable of such baseness. All this indignation I smothered beneath a surface of politeness and gay repartee. Miss Mitchell smiled upon me most enchantingly, admired my pet etchings, and thought me "so very kind to take them to the theatre afterward." Miss Palmer looked at me with the frankest of big blue eyes, and seemed to possess the wonderful faculty of drawing out one's opinions and preferences for the sole purpose of showing how perfectly she agreed with them all. She seemed to have always thought just as I did on every subject, as nearly as I could ascertain; but ever and anon I fancied that I caught a significant smile passing from her to Weston, and once I felt sure that Miss Palmer actually winked at Hollingsford.

This was more than flesh and blood could stand. I knew that the color was mounting to my cheeks, and that my temper was giving way. With a supreme effort I turned and began to devote myself to Miss Winifred Weston, in whose gray eyes I discerned a sympathetic quality which somehow reconciled me to the fact that she was not either old or ugly. I found her so very sweet and interesting that I almost had forgotten that any one else was present, until I realized that dessert was upon the table, and just in front of me I saw, staring me in the face, *one small golden apple*, which surmounted an inviting dish of bonbons.

Conversation suddenly seemed to flag, and I knew that all eyes were upon the fatal apple. How I wished it a thousand miles away, and guarded by the fearful dragon of the Hesperides! Miss Kate Mitchell's eyes were twinkling, and Miss Palmer's glanced mischievously, while Miss Weston cast a sympathetic glance at me, I was sure, and my sister, who had slowly recovered from her first mute astonishment at my apparently new departure, bent upon me a questioning look.

The unrivalled impudence of Hollingsford rose to the emergency. "What is this?" he cried, gayly. "Not an apple of discord, I hope. I see by the expression of Lloyd's eye that he is going to present it to one of the young ladies."

What a pleasure it would have been to have obliged Hollingsford to swallow it then and there! Had he told Miss Weston that I was to select the least attractive cousin, and present the apple to her? Now they were all waiting to see me give myself away, make a fool of myself, lose my temper, or do something equally unbecoming. My breath came rapidly; I reached out my hand with a nervous motion toward the apple, with a wild desire to seize it and hurl it wildly at the smiling and deceitful Mitchell across the table.

No, I could not give it to Miss Weston, and so make her think that I considered the others better-looking, when they neither of them could hold a candle to her in any respect. But then if I gave it to either of the others I was pledged to escort that one to the theatre; to sit by her; to talk to her. No indeed, I would do nothing of the sort, to be laughed at by Miss Mitchell, to be made fun of by Miss Palmer. I would give it to my sister first, and I prepared to murmur something idiotic about "age before beauty."

The pause was in reality a brief one, but it was a very bitter one, when suddenly an angel of light came to my rescue in the guise of Miss Weston, who herself reached across to the accursed dish and took the golden apple in her dainty fingers.

"If this is an apple of discord," she cried, gayly, "it is a dangerous thing, and we should beware how we trifle with it. Take warning by the fate of the first Paris, Mr. Lloyd, and do not call down upon your head the wrath of Juno and Minerva. The modern solution is quite different; Paris must keep the apple himself, and with it his dangerous opinions. Then," she added, presenting it to me with a smile, "when the judgment is reversed, and Paris instead of Aphrodite receives the apple, surely no one can complain."

I accepted it with a grateful glance calculated to convey all the admiration I longed to express, while I replied that "Paris certainly had nothing to complain of when Aphrodite herself bestowed so great a favor upon him."

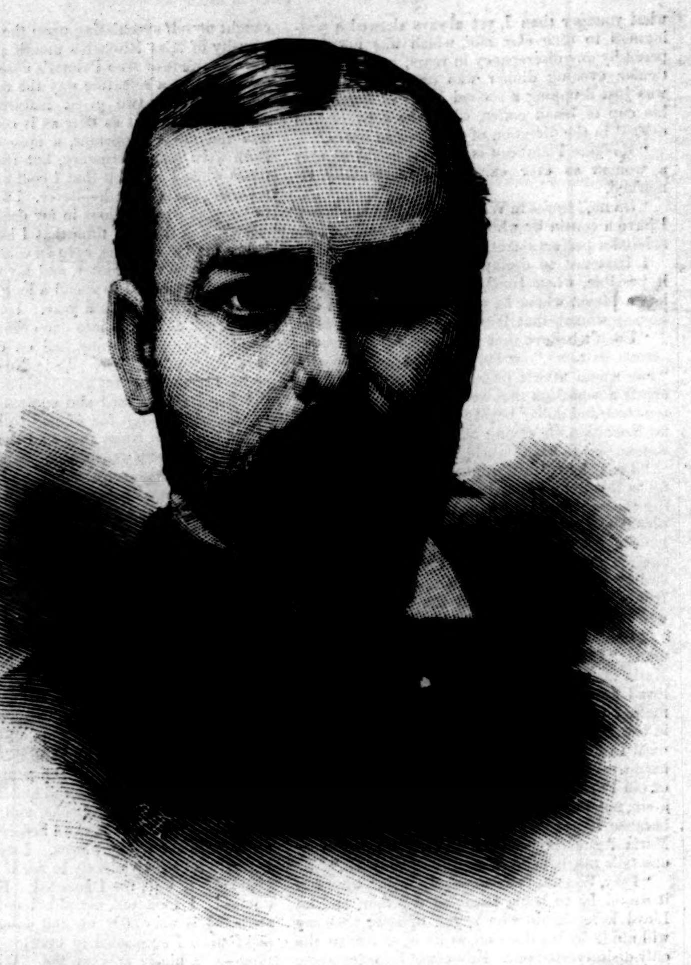
It was a delightful and happy conclusion, after all, and I rose from the table in the highest of spirits, which were not lessened by the visible shade of disappointment depicted upon the faces of several of the party at my having been allowed to escape so easily. I offered my arm to Miss Weston, coupled with the hope that she would accept me as her escort for the evening, which she did, and what a perfect evening it was! And that was the beginning of the end—yes, the end of my old bachelorhood. A year ago I would never have believed that such a thing could happen. It was wholly preposterous, impossible; now it seems the most natural thing in the world. What poor unstable human creatures we are, all of us! still, if we must change, let it be for the better, as in my case. Mitchell, Hollingsford, and Weston had their little joke; but "he laughs best who laughs last," and Weston has lost his pretty cousin into the bargain. I don't know how she ever consented to have me. She says that she married me to get rid of me, but my sister, to whom all jokes are very weighty and incomprehensible affairs, says that it was a very queer way of getting rid of me, she thinks.

Among my dearest possessions I cherish one small golden apple, which I will never part with, save to one to whom, should she require it, I might return my treasure, vowing that Paris was right after all, for it belonged to the queen of love and beauty, and to her alone.

Caroline Ticknor.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, who has received the appointment of American Minister at St. Petersburg, is best known as the editor and proprietor of the *North American Review*, which he purchased from a Boston publishing firm in 1876, and subsequently transferred to New York. He is the possessor of a large fortune, the bulk of which was inherited from his grandmother. He was born in Boston, June 18, 1853, but was taken abroad by his parents at the age of nine, and spent his entire youth and acquired his education in Europe. He learned the languages of France and Germany while living in those countries, and speaks them fluently. He spent four years at the University at Oxford, and took his degree at Christ Church College in 1873. Returning to his native country, he studied for a time at the Law School of Columbia College, but soon began to devote his attention to literature. The *North American Review* under his conduct has been transformed from a quarterly to a monthly magazine, and devoted to the discussion of popular subjects. In 1879 Mr. Rice organized and directed the Charnay expedition for the investigation of the antiquities of Central America, and published several papers by M. Charnay upon the results. He has edited *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln* and contributed to *Ancient Cities of the World*, besides being the author of numerous papers in his magazine. In 1886 he was the Republican candidate for Congress in the Tenth District of New York, against General Spinola, and received the support of the "Henry George party." His defeat was attributed to the treachery of the party leader to whom the conduct of his canvass was intrusted. Mr. Rice exposed the treachery, and caused the expulsion of the accused leader from the party organization. He has appeared also as an earnest advocate of the adoption of the Australian ballot system.



ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

The position of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain was conferred by President Harrison upon Robert Todd Lincoln, of Chicago, without solicitation on his part or that of his friends, and without any previous intimation to them of his purpose. Mr. Lincoln was the eldest son and is the only surviving offspring of the late President Lincoln. He was born at Springfield, Illinois, August 1, 1843, and after passing through the schools of his native town was sent to the Phillips Academy, Exeter, in New Hampshire, to prepare for college. He entered Harvard in 1860, and was regularly graduated four years later. It was his desire then to enter the army, but owing to his father's objections he began his study at the Harvard Law School. He could not, however, rest easy, and finally, overcoming his father's reluctance, entered the service in Virginia in the fall of 1864. The President had suggested his appointment on General Grant's staff as a volunteer aide-de-camp without pay or allowance, but that did not meet General Grant's views, and he was commissioned as a Captain. He served through the final campaign ending at Appomattox, and was the first to convey to his father the official news of Lee's surrender, of which he was an eye-witness. After the close of the war and the tragic death of his father, Mr. Lincoln resumed the study of law, was admitted to the bar in Illinois, and settled down to practice in Chicago. In 1868 he married a daughter of ex-Senator Harlan, of Iowa, and in 1872 made a somewhat protracted visit to Europe. On his return he formed a new partnership in his profession with Edward S. Isham, which still continues. In 1880 Mr. Lincoln was an earnest advocate of the nomination of General Grant for the Presidency, but after the election of Garfield he was offered the position of Secretary of War in his cabinet. He accepted, and held that position not only during the life of Garfield, but throughout the term of President Arthur, being the only member of the cabinet retained by the latter. Since 1885 he has continued the practice of his profession in Chicago, taking no prominent part in politics, though more than once spoken of as a possible candidate for President or Vice-President. He has taken a prominent position at the bar, and in public and private life has acquired a reputation for solid qualities and freedom from pretence or sham. He is regarded as especially clear-headed, judicious, and upright in purpose, and courteous and unassuming in manners. He is credited with having a comfortable fortune.

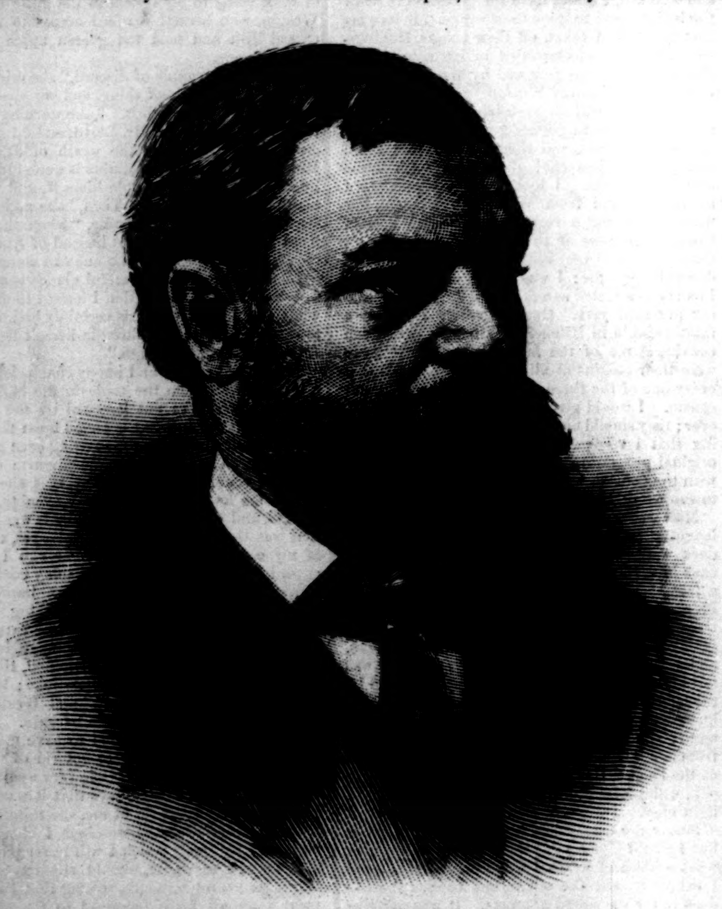
COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT.

Colonel Frederick Dent Grant, the newly appointed United States Minister to Austria, is the eldest son of the late General U. S. Grant, and was born at St. Louis on the 30th of May, 1850, after his father had resigned his captaincy in the army and settled down to a business life in that city. He was with his father in the Vicksburg campaign, and was present at the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson. He also accompanied the General in the subsequent campaigns in Virginia, though too young for actual military service. His early education had been obtained in the public schools of St. Louis and Galena, and at the age of sixteen he was appointed a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point, where he acquitted himself with great credit. He received the appointment of Second Lieutenant in the Fourth United States Cavalry, June 12, 1871. He spent two years on outpost duty in the far West, and was promoted to First Lieutenant. In March, 1873, he was made aide-de-camp on the staff of General Philip H. Sheridan, whose head-quarters were then at Chicago, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He continued in that position until June 1, 1881, when he resigned from the army. In parting with him General Sheridan expressed his high appreciation of his "soldierly qualities" and his earnest wishes for his future success. He soon afterward married the daughter of H. H. Honoré, a wealthy citizen of Chicago, and for some time took no active part in business of any kind. Much of his time was spent in New York with his father's family. He had no connection, real or nominal, with the firm of Grant & Ward, but lost considerable money by investing in Mr. Ward's delusive schemes. During his father's last illness Colonel Grant spent much time in devoted attendance upon him, and assisted him materially in the preparation of his memoirs. He took charge of his mother's interests in the publication and sale of this work and in other matters, and with his wife and two children continued to live with her in the city of New York. He was for a time a director in the New York Steam-heating Company. In the winter of 1887 Governor Hill appointed him to the position of Quarantine Commissioner, to succeed Thomas C. Platt, but, owing to political complications at Albany, the appointment was not confirmed. After the adjournment of the Legislature Mr. Platt wrote to the Governor offering to resign on the assurance that Colonel Grant would be named for his place, which assurance was not given. He was nominated for the office of Secretary of State by the Republican Convention which met at Saratoga on September 14, 1887, and at the November election received 452,811 votes, against 469,888 cast for his Democratic opponent. In personal appearance he bears a striking resemblance to his father, but is of larger build.

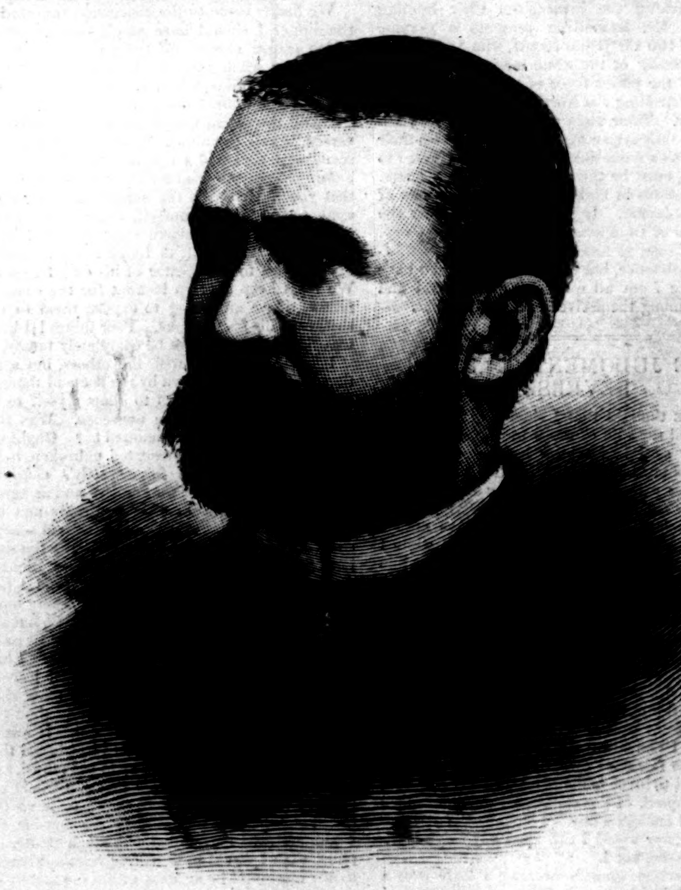
THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The sixty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design has at least one feature that brings it into marked contrast with those which have preceded it. In former years the portraits that have passed the ordeal of the hanging committee have been scattered through the different rooms, but this season they are for the most part grouped in the east gallery, so that the visitor's facilities for comparison of the work of the several artists are materially increased. The result is to give a greater relative importance to this department of the exhibition, an importance which the excellence of some of the examples fully justifies, and also to exhibit some curious and trying contrasts of subjects and treatment.

Chief among the landscapes to be seen is George Inness's "Coming Storm," in which the long stretch of green fields and the abundant foliage of the trees are admirably contrasted with the threatening clouds overhead. If not so striking a picture as some that Mr. Inness has recently shown, it is yet an excellent illustration of his close observation of nature and his skill in portraying its most impressive phases. Some of the other landscape-painters are seen at their best in the exhibition. Mr. Bristol has seldom shown his art more acceptably than in "A Quiet Afternoon," with its hazy light upon the landscape and its delicious suggestion of repose. Mr. Robbins's excellent illustration of New England scenery is worthy of the hand that painted it, and this may be said of Mr. Tryon's poetic "Evening." Those who count upon finding an opulence of color in Homer Martin's landscapes will not be disappointed in his "Winter Cherry-Trees, Coast of Normandy." It



ROBERT T. LINCOLN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND.
From a Photograph by Mosher, Chicago.

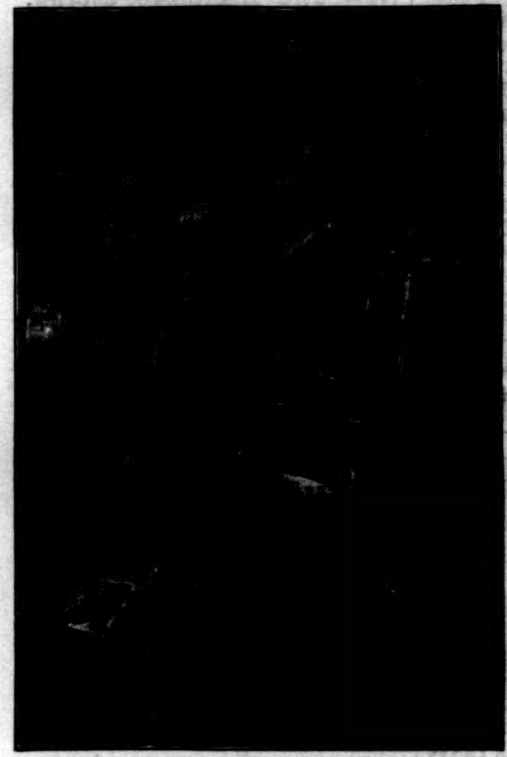


FREDERICK D. GRANT, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

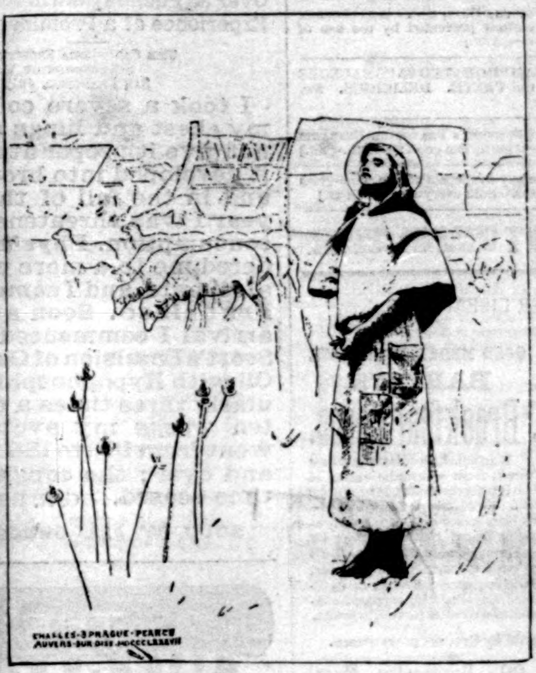
"THE CALENDERS."—By H. Siddons Mowbray.

"THE HARLEM RIVER."—By Robert Eichelberger.

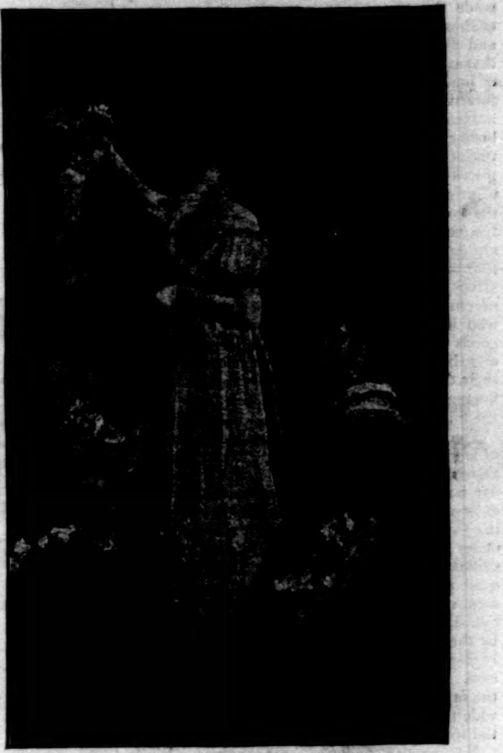
has the superbly luminous sky which the artist delights to paint, and in the portrayal of which he so notably excels. **Swain Gifford**'s "The Ravine, Naushon Island, Massachusetts," is a striking illustration of a picturesque locality. Mr. **Minor**'s "Dewy Eve" and "Evening" have the tender sentiment as well as the suggestion of pathos that so often accompanies his work; and Mr. **Van Boskerck**'s "The Last Gleam," although somewhat crude in color, has in it much that is attractive. **R. M. Shurtleff** is a painter who has agreeably associated his name with Adirondack scenery, and his glimpse of a woodland glade, "When Forest Leaves are Bright," is worthy of his brush. It is notably effective and harmonious in coloring. **Robert Eichelberger**'s "The Harlem River," with its view of the distant city, is in many ways a meritorious work.



"HARMONY."—By Hamilton Hamilton.



"SAINT GENEVIÈVE."—By Charles Sprague Pearce.



"DECORATING THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE."
By Walter Satterlee.

The display of figure pieces is fully up to the average of recent spring exhibitions at the Academy. Mr. **Charles Sprague Pearce** shows a picture, "Saint Geneviève," which both in subject and treatment suggests the "Jeanne d'Arc" of **Bastien Lepage**, and which is in many respects admirable. The sheep and the farm buildings in the distance are treated with notably fine effect. Mr. **Hovenden**'s "In the Hands of the Enemy (after Gettysburg)" is a picture that tells an interesting story, and that will find a good many admirers. The figures of the wounded Confederate and the kindly members of the Union household who are ministering to him are carefully and skilfully drawn, and there is an absence of any straining after effect that is commendable. "The Cigarette," a dainty figure of a young girl, is one of three pictures by **Harry W. Watrous** that show exquisite precision and finish of style. **Hamilton Hamilton**'s "Harmony" has a decided merit that entitles it to favorable mention. There has always been a certain sincerity of treatment in **E. Wood Perry**'s domestic interiors and the dwellers therein that had its value, but in "The Pottery Artist" he has taken a long step in advance of anything he has heretofore produced. **Louis Moeller** shows his dexterous manipulation with excellent results in the four carefully painted men's figures in his "Confidential," the details of which are finished with capital skill. "Two Idlers" is the title of a clever work by **Robert Blum**; **Walter Satterlee**'s fondness for pleasing effects of costume is well shown in his two pretty maidens who are seen in his "Decorating the Old Manor-House; and in **Edward E. Simmons**'s "Old Man and Child" there is a homely pathos that is admirably expressed. **Theodore Robinson**'s lovely girlish figure, "A King's Daughter," is an excellent example of a painter whose work is too seldom seen at the exhibitions, characterized as it generally is by poetic charm as well as technical skill. **H. Siddons Mowbray** sends a clever example of his art in "The Calenders"; **Will H. Low**, a figure clad in purple and gold, which has his usual refinement of sentiment, but which is not altogether pleasing in color; and **William Bailey Faxon**, "An Angel," with a sad countenance despite the glory that surrounds her. **Gilbert Gaul** is not below his usual standard of excellence in his glimpse of a skirmish, "On Dangerous Ground." The light is excellently managed, and the figures full of animation. Miss **Ella Cordie Lamb**'s "An Advent Angel" has a dignity that is impressive, and is in other ways a very creditable work.

There is abundant opportunity for comment both favorable and otherwise in the numerous portraits hung in the east gallery, but it is safe to say that more good work is shown than is usually seen in this department. **Kenyon Cox**'s admirable portrait of a lady, **Benjamin C. Porter**'s figure of a boy, **F. D. Millet**'s portrait of a lady, exquisite in its color, the charmingly quaint little girl that **N. D. Sawyer** has put upon canvas, **Edwin H. Blashfield**'s graceful portrait of a beautiful woman, **William M. Chase**'s brilliant treatment of a figure in pink, **T. W. Dewing**'s profile head of a girl in a black dress, and **Wyatt Eaton**'s solidly painted portrait of a mother and child are all worthy of praise; so too is Mr. **Vinton**'s portrait of Mr. **Pope**; and the list could easily be made longer, though not so long as one of a different character.

The unusually excellent work in the department of sculpture must not be passed by without notice. A portrait in low relief of **Robert Louis Stevenson**, by **Augustus Saint Gaudens**, showing the novelist reclining on a couch and puffed up with pillows, is delightful in conception and treatment. **Olive Warner**'s bronze head of a baby is every way charming, and so, too, is **Edwin Potter**'s little faun asleep. Mr. **Loeher**'s figure of **Siegfried** is instinct with life, and Mr. **Elwell** sends two busts that are excellent.

"TWO IDLERS."—By Robert Blum.

"DANGEROUS GROUND."—By Gilbert Gaul.

PICTURES FROM THE SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—From C. M. Kurtz's "Illustrated National Academy Notes."

INDUSTRIAL TRUSTS DEFINED.

The collapse of the great French copper syndicate has aroused fresh interest in what are popularly called trusts. The impression, which is more general than it should be in an intelligent community, that there is a similarity between the ill-advised French speculation in copper and the gigantic copartnerships in this country, is entirely erroneous. The operation in copper that has just ended in disaster, as it deserved to, was a speculation pure and simple, for which there was no more excuse than there was for **"Old Hutch's"** corner in Chicago wheat last winter. The ostensible object of the copper syndicate was to act as a middle-man between the producers and the consumers, and secure a profitable market for the one and a stable market for the other. That was its mask: its real intention was to corner the copper supply of the world. It came in between the operations of the immutable law of supply and demand, and was crushed to pieces, as all such meddlers have been in the past and will be in the future. The producers piled their product upon it, while the consumer stood aloof waiting for the inevitable collapse.

With this understanding of the so-called copper trust in mind, the difference between it and the huge consolidations of capital and industry that are constantly being formed in this country can be easily outlined. A half a dozen of them that are more prominently before the country than the others will serve to illustrate the character, status, and policy of all of them. In the first place, it might as well be conceded that these organizations are largely the result of excessive competition. The present position of the Western Union Telegraph Company illustrates this point. The rates it used to charge constantly invited competition, until Mr. Jay Gould with his American Union Company made the competition excessive, and was thus enabled to secure control of all of the facilities, and check competition by keeping rates at figures that are profitable only upon an enormous amount of business. The sugar refiners were absolutely forced to co-operate by the condition of unprofitableness into which competition reduced their business, and the same is true of the manufacturers of white lead. The period is one of low prices for the staple commodities. The tendency of prices is constantly lower. Since January 1st the average price of such products as wheat, coffee, petroleum, and the numberless articles that are counted as the necessities of life, has fallen four and a half per cent. This steady shrinkage drives the smaller and individual dealers and manufacturers out of business. But the larger ones, who measure their profits by the quantity of goods they handle, the economies they can effect, and the long periods over which they can extend their operations, are able to survive the adverse fluctuations. Indeed they frequently profit by the misfortunes of their smaller competitors.

The tendency toward these previously unheard-of aggregations of capital, energy, and brains is as irresistible as the accumulation of people in our large cities. It is not confined to industrial enterprises. It long ago became a necessity with the railroads of the country, and the same tendency has resulted in the formation of labor organizations of great strength and power. It is quite possible that the close relations and swift means of communication that have been established between communities all over the world by the steam-engine and the telegraph are partly responsible for the development under discussion. They certainly facilitate the formation of the organizations referred to, and give them the wide markets for their products that are essential to their success.

Now note the policy of these concerns. While their object is to make money, it is equally their purpose not to encourage competition. Consequently none of them is bent upon manipulating a great rise in the price of its goods, as the copper syndicate was. Their aim is to stimulate consumption and meet the demand. They have before them the example of that pioneer in gigantic copartnership, the Standard Oil Company, through whose operations the price of the commodity handled has been lowered, its quality improved, and its consumption increased. At the same time the concern has grown rich, until the capital at its command seems almost fabulous. The aim of the Sugar Trust is the same, and its enormous earnings the first year of its existence were due chiefly to the fact that the economies effected by consolidation were equal to an eighth of a cent a pound upon the sugar refined. The recent advance in the price of sugar is due largely to the partial failure of the Cuban sugar crop.

A popular fallacy regarding these concerns is that they are monopolies. They are not, any more than the railroads of the country. Any one can build a railroad, a sugar refinery, or undertake almost any other enterprise that can be mentioned. But there his ability to compete with the consolidated industry ends, and his cry against monopoly begins. Yet what he complains of is not a monopoly any more than capital, economy, and ability are monopolies. These questions, which in a crude way, and chiefly through the medium of demagogues, have been before the people for some time, are now beginning to receive the careful consideration of investors, for the securities of a number of them have become known in Wall Street, and a good deal of attention is being diverted to them from time-honored railroad securities. Their legal status has not yet been absolutely determined, and in their formation the temptation to anticipate in the capitalization the future value of the property is not always resisted. To an extent the expansion of the capital account may be warranted, and if not, the market price is likely to reflect the fact, while as regards legality it is safe to assume that the question is practically that of the right to form a copartnership.

C. A.

New York, Saturday, March 30, 1889.

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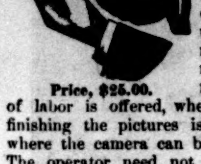

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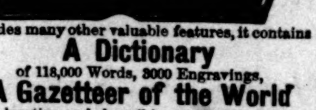

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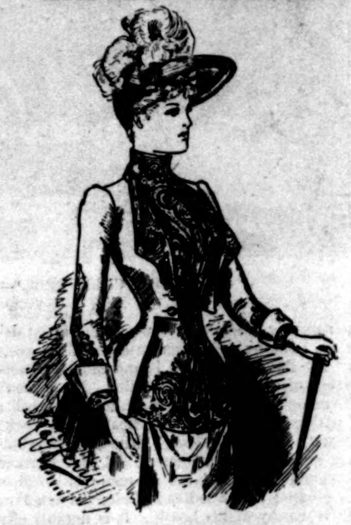

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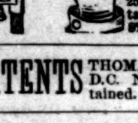

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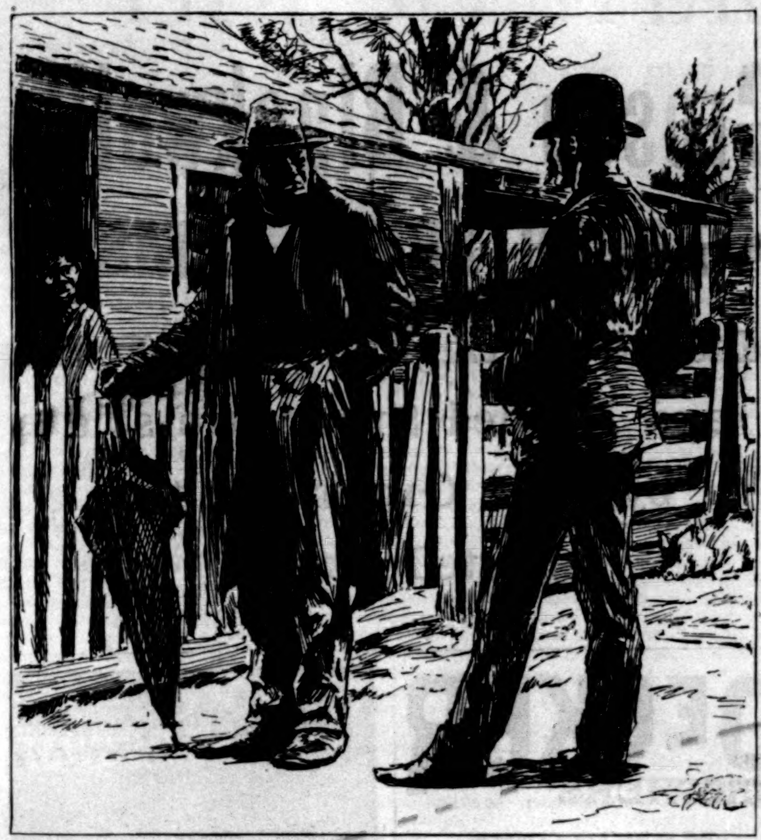

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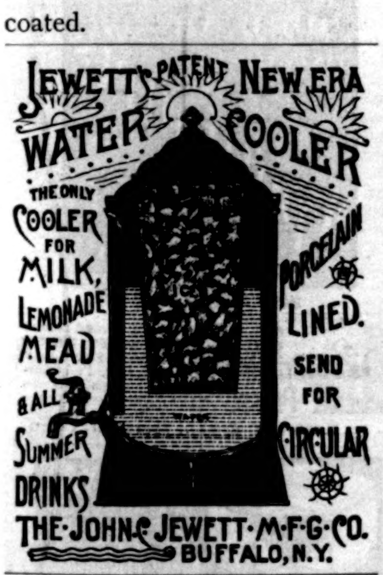

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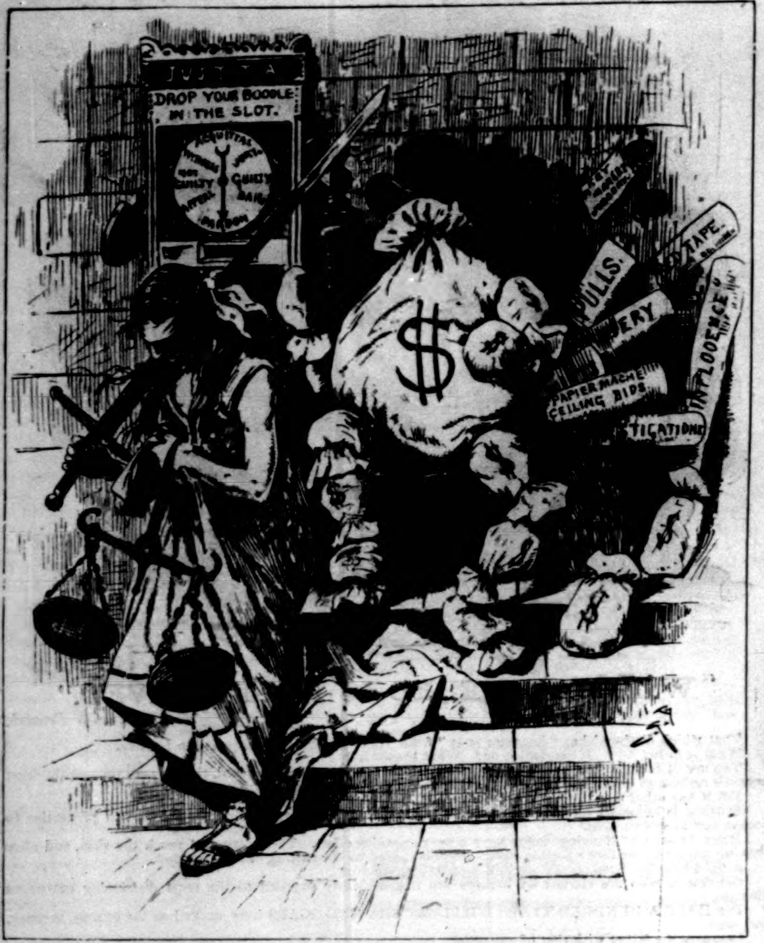
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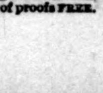

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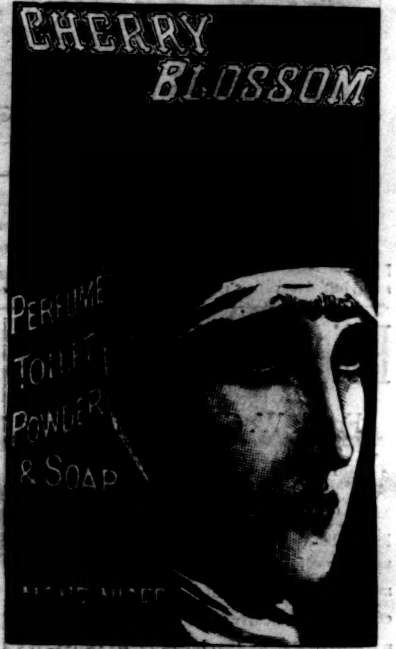
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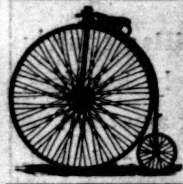

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THE WESTERN PORTLAND.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

PORTLAND is something more than the chief city of Oregon; it is the largest commercial centre in the Pacific Northwest. Whether it will continue to hold its present position, or will be forced to surrender it to Tacoma or Seattle, time alone can tell. Its rivals of to-day are energetic and untiring in their efforts to gain the coveted distinction of "first city in the Northwest," and have already caused Portland to lose much of its former commercial prestige. If the ratio of growth had been as large in the latter city these past few years as in those that face upon Puget Sound, Portland's future would be less doubtful. That it has not been so large is due, in a great measure, to two causes; one, the untimely failure of Villard's financial schemes, and the other the completion of the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific Railroad. By the former, Portland's merchants were severely crippled for a time, and few had the heart or the money to begin the work of reconstruction and further development. By the latter, Tacoma was given direct communication with the East, and became an important railway terminus. It and Seattle have made the most of their opportunities. Both have successfully appealed for outside capital, which has been invested not only in the cities themselves, but throughout Washington Territory as well, and Tacoma has neglected no chance to rob Portland of its old-time influence and distinction. That it has not absolutely succeeded and is still the smaller city are facts that prove Portland to be the possessor of more natural strength than its enemies have been willing to acknowledge. If ever the time was ripe for the smaller and weaker to take advantage of the larger and stronger, it was during the period of Portland's despondency and inaction. And now that buoyancy and activity are again in the ascendency, Portland even yet may regain much of that which was lost after the cruel sacrifice of her great champion Henry Villard.

The merits of the three cities now claiming recognition are vigorously discussed by the local papers of each, and one is served a mass of statistics which, when fully digested, does little more than prove that the Pacific Northwest is a most remarkable section of our country. Oregon and Washington Territory are veritable empires, as rich and productive as they are extended in area. In view of this fact, so generally appreciated, it must appear to many that it would be better for Tacoma and Seattle and Portland to bury their differences and combine their forces for the public good. The world at large cares very little which city will eventually be the largest, but is intensely interested in the progress of that development which is necessary for the general prosperity of the country. Washington Territory is often called the "Pennsylvania of the far West," but before it is really entitled to such distinction much work must be done. Mines must be opened, railways built, forests cleared, and rivers made navigable. The sooner all this is done the better it will be for the cities now wasting their time in the vain effort to decide which is the most worthy of public approbation. If the Pacific Northwest is given the development it deserves, the several centres of trade, commerce, and social intercourse will take care of themselves.

Whoever has seen Portland will, I am sure, agree with me that it has many attractive features. You cannot call it picturesque, in the sense that Quebec or Edinburgh is. It is far from being noticeably quaint or odd, and in this respect is truly American. Its business streets are very similar to those of other cities, and the order of architecture is often severely plain. The site of old Portland—as the town of twenty years ago must be called—is a narrow strip of level crowded between the river and a tree-grown ridge to the westward. The site of the new Portland is the eastern slope of this ridge, now without its forests; and the view one has from it is what gives Portland its strong hold upon the affections of all visitors. You cannot well describe the prospect revealed from this place, for the reality beggars description. Standing in the cool shade of a few old pines that still crown the top of the ridge, you have Portland at your feet. Past it flows the Willamette, and farther eastward is the Columbia, moving lazily westward, and forming, with the smaller river, a long, pointed neck of land covered with dark green forests. There is a wilderness of trees extending far away to the great white mountains that, like pillars of ice, rise from the sea of green surrounding them, and you can trace for miles the irregular outlines of the range that separates the valley near at hand from the famous Columbia basin a hundred miles away.

There are many beautiful mountain peaks in the Rocky range which have a much higher altitude than Mount Hood, or Mount St. Helen's, or Mount Tacoma, which overlook Portland. But none appear so massive or so high and white. For those of the Rockies, be it remembered, shoot upward from a base that is itself half as high as the peaks, thus lessening the actual elevation, while Mount Hood is seen from the level of the sea, and there is nothing to detract from its individual grandeur. The trees around it serve but to intensify the whiteness of its never-melting banks of snow. It stands alone, pure white from pointed top to where the forests grow, with no other near peaks to divide its glory. At times the encircling clouds hide the lower levels and leave the cone detached. At such moments the mountain is seemingly twice its actual height, and its top fairly pierces the deep blue of the heavens.

Mount Tacoma differs from Mount Hood in that it is less pointed and more massive. It is over a hundred miles north of Portland, near the shores of Puget Sound, and is 14,360 feet high. It rises abruptly from the forest levels, and is of dazzling whiteness. At its side, apparently, is Mount St. Helen's, sixty miles away and 9750 feet high. On clear, sunshiny days, when there is no smoke in the air, Portland looks not only upon the peaks already mentioned, but upon two others, Mounts Adams and Jefferson. The latter are white, like their fellows, and are distant from fifty to seventy miles. All belong to the Cascade range of mountains, which extend north and south through the entire length of Oregon and across Washington, and are never without their covering of snow. The glaciers of Mount Tacoma are among the largest in the world, while Mount Hood, although only 11,000 feet high, has its moving rivers of solid ice that slowly work their way down the rock-bound cañons of the glittering peak. You cannot realize that so great a distance separates you from what seems so near at hand. At times it seems as though Mount Hood could be reached after an hour's walk; and I have seen a day so clear that Mount Tacoma was as distinctly outlined as it would be if not ten miles away.

The history of Portland is not eventful, and is soon told. In reading it one is again impressed by the fact that in selecting the site of many of the Western cities everything was left to chance. That serious mistakes were not made must be attributed to the proverbial good luck which attends the ignorant. The men who founded Portland never once considered the question of the adaptability of the site to the needs of the region of which it has since been proved the natural centre. They selected it because of its being a good place at which to rest from the fatigues following the exertion of their long row down the river, and in parting with their claim never appeared to realize that they were throwing away a fortune. Impulse, in fact, was their only guide. Reason never actuated them. It is very natural, perhaps, that this should be so, for at the time land had little value, and he who could sell his claim for even a sum now regarded as ridiculously small no doubt congratulated himself on his good fortune. The donation law was then in full force, by which 640 acres of land were given to any man who would come to Oregon and settle on it; and a man and his wife together could get a farm of 1280 acres.

Prior to 1843 the most important town in Oregon was Oregon City, on the Willamette, to the south of Portland. It was not accessible to sail vessels on account of the rapids in the river, and to-day is a half-awake little place of no particular interest. In November, 1843, the two men, A. L. Lovejoy and A. M. Overton, who are regarded as the founders of Portland were on their way from Fort Vancouver to Oregon City. At night they camped on the west bank of the Willamette, pitching their tent among the pines, and leaving early in the morning for their home. Several weeks later the two men returned to the same place and staked off two claims, each containing 320 acres. The forests were well-nigh impenetrable; but the energetic Yankees made vigorous attacks upon it, and had soon made a respectable clearing. In 1844 Overton sold his interest in the claim to F. W. Pettygrove for fifty dollars. Nothing was ever afterward known of Overton, although there was a report of his death somewhere in Texas. In the winter of 1844 the first log cabin was built; and in July, '45, Lovejoy and Pettygrove surveyed and platted sixteen blocks of land bordering the river. It now became necessary to give the place a name. Hitherto it had been known as "Stumptown" or the "Village." Lovejoy, hailing from Massachusetts, wanted to name it Boston; but Pettygrove, a Maine man, preferred to have it called Portland. To settle the difference, the two men "tossed up" for it, and Pettygrove won. Work was steadily continued, and by the fall of 1845 the first business block in Portland was completed. It was known as "Shingle Store," and stood on the corner of Washington and Front streets. It stood until 1853.

Lovejoy sold his interest in the new town site to Benjamin Stark, in October, 1845, and returned to Oregon City, where he died in 1881, a comparatively poor man. Pettygrove, in 1848, sold his interest to D. N. Lounsdale, a Kentucky tanner. The consideration was $5000. Pettygrove moved to Port Townsend, where, I think, he still lives. Lounsdale at once began to sell his town lots, charging merely nominal prices, but stipulating that each piece of property should immediately be improved. Such conditional sale was the means of infusing new life into the little town, and it began to assume considerable importance. From 1844 to 1851 Portland suffered from the effects of the California gold fever. All who were able left their homes for the new El Dorado, and the few remaining in Oregon were more interested in growing fruit for the California markets than in building houses or furthering the welfare of a new town. Oregon apples were sold at the San Francisco fruit stands at from $2 to $5 each, and butter was worth $2 per pound. In these trying days of its inactivity Portland was referred to as "a place twelve miles below Oregon City." Benjamin Stark was among those who came to California in 1849. Lounsdale met him at San Francisco, and the two, who were then the sole owners of the Portland town site, at once came to an amicable agreement regarding their interests. Stark placed his in the hands of a friend and returned East to enjoy the great wealth that came to him when the land he had so fortunately bought proved of fabulous value.

On December 4, 1850, the first copy of the *Weekly Oregonian*, the first paper ever printed at Portland, made its appearance. The editor was Thomas J. Dryer. In that number Portland is described as having "buildings mostly new, of good style and taste. Their white coats of paint, contrasted with the brown and dusty appearance of other towns on the Pacific coast, give them a most home-like appearance." "The property-holders," remarks the editor, "manifest, by their industry and liberality, an earnest of the future of the place. For intelligence and moral worth they are not surpassed by those of any town in the Eastern States." The *Oregonian* survived all its early competitors, and is to-day the leading paper of the Pacific Northwest. In 1861 its first editor was appointed Minister to the Hawaiian Kingdom. At San Francisco he was given a grand ovation by Democrats and Republicans. He returned to Oregon in 1865, and died at Portland in 1873. The present editor of the *Daily Oregonian*—the paper became a daily in 1860—is Harvey W. Scott, a man of untiring energy, great ability, and universal popularity. He is a native of Illinois, and is now fifty years of age. He came to Oregon in early boyhood, his father being actuated by the same impulses that had caused his ancestors to "pioneer" it from North Carolina to Kentucky, and from there to Illinois, making the far more difficult removal of his family across the plains to the Pacific coast in 1852. At that time Oregon included the great region that now forms the State of Oregon, the Territories of Washington and Idaho, and a part of Wyoming; and the entire white population was less than fifteen thousand. In his new home young Scott was familiar with all the adventures and hardships of pioneer life. In 1854, when but sixteen years old, he went to Puget Sound and worked with his father in opening a farm, and with the loggers in the forests. The lumber business of Puget Sound, now grown to such proportions, was then in its infancy. After the Indian war of 1855–6, Mr. Scott removed with his family to Clackamas County, Oregon, where another farm was made. On attaining his majority he began to employ his energies in securing an education, for which, hitherto, there had been no opportunities. By his own exertions he completed, during the next five years, a classical course, supplying his necessities by rail-making, chopping wood, hiring as a farm hand, or taking any work he could get. In 1864 he visited Portland, destitute of money and with no resources save his own energies. It was his purpose to enter the legal profession, but while making the necessary preparations for doing so he became a frequent contributor to the local press, and gained an introduction to the proprietor of the *Oregonian*. In 1865 he was engaged as editor of the paper. Later he bought an interest in it, and has since devoted himself to the publication. As a writer he is at once clear and forcible, and in good plain English gives expression to his thoughts. Oregon is his idol, and he never neglects her interests. Of late years Mr. Alfred Holman has been Mr. Scott's valued assistant, and the efforts of the two have given the Portland daily an enviable place among the journals of the country.

The first municipal election in Portland was held in 1851. The total number of votes cast was 222. In this year the brig *Amazon* arrived from China, and the famous plank road to the Tualitin plains, to the west of the city, was opened with imposing ceremonies. In 1852 the commercial interests were increased by the establishment of steam-ship lines to the several river towns, and there was frequent communication with China and San Francisco. In 1853 the first brick stores were built, the well-known banker W. S. Ladd being the pioneer in this most important work. In 1855 the total valuation of personal and real property was $1,195,034. In 1860 the census showed a population of 2917; that for 1863 was 4057. For 1861–2 the total valuation of real and personal property had increased to $2,089,420. The city had now an assured position, and was the acknowledged shipping port of the country lying within the Willamette and Columbia River valleys.

Perhaps the most celebrated of all who helped increase the importance of Portland was Ben Holliday. He arrived in Oregon in 1868, with the avowed purpose of building a railroad from Portland to Sacramento, in California. In 1869 he constructed the Oregon and California road as far south as Oregon City; in 1870 extended the line to Jefferson; in 1871 built from Jefferson to Creswell; and in 1872 completed the road to Roseburg, in the southern part of the State. In addition to this last branch, which followed the east shore of the Willamette, he built another road on the west side of the stream as far as St. Joseph, in Yam Hill County. In 1874, being sued by his German bondholders, he surrendered the Oregon and California to Henry Villard, and also gave up to the same party his line of steam-ships between Portland and San Francisco. Holliday was now wellnigh penniless. The good-luck hitherto attending him seems to have turned to evil. The property that he had deeded to his brother as trustee, and which he now demanded, was refused him, and government declined to allow his claim of $500,000 for losses incurred by the destruction of his Texas and California overland stage lines at the beginning of the war. The man who had lived as a prince, who was the father-in-law of a count and of a baron, whose fame was world-wide, had not a dollar that he could call his own. In the midst of his troubles, a few years ago, he died, his claim against the government still undecided.

With the collapse of Holliday, and the subsequent failure of Jay Cook, Portland received a decided set-back. Two years later, however, the prospect brightened again, owing to the sudden discovery that eastern Oregon was a rich producer of grain; and in 1883 the Northern Pacific Railroad was completed, and gave Portland its long-wished-for connection with the East. For a season speculation ran wild. Mr. Villard, who had bought the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's boats and railroads, was now the president of the Northern Pacific, and offered material aid to all who sought him. Then came the inevitable reaction. Hopes were overthrown, and all progress ceased. The subsequent dullness was that of 1874 intensified. The people were stunned, and fortunes melted away. For nearly three years there was hardly an effort made, and the fact that Portland was able to even hold its own is one in which all, I am sure, may take the reasonable pride that they do.

It will be impossible, by the limitations of this article, to give in detail all the interesting facts connected with the growth of Portland, but the part played in its development by the rail and steam-ship company mentioned above may well, I think, be casually noticed. The first steamer to be built on the upper Columbia was the *Umatilla*, a light-draught boat, owned by Coe and Thompson. On the day when it was to be launched, Coe was in command, and had invited a number of friends to join him on a short sail up the Columbia to the Dalles. Without ascertaining how much steam was in the boilers, he ordered the shore lines cast off, and backed into mid-stream. The river at the Cascades, where the boat now was, runs with great swiftness; in a moment the steamer was at its mercy. There was not steam enough to make headway, and the *Umatilla* descended the rapids stern foremost. By a miracle it escaped destruction, and was soon floating in the deep waters of the lower Columbia. Portland was reached in due time, and the next day Coe and his partner sold their boat to two men from the Fraser River gold fields for $28,000, more than her total cost. This was in 1859. In 1862 Robert R. Thompson, Coe's partner in the *Umatilla*, built a second light-draught boat to run as far up the Columbia as the junction of the Snake. The cargo for the new steamer was government freight for the ports established in eastern Washington and Idaho. After a season of great prosperity came the Clearwater mining excitement. Having no boats of their own below the rapids of the Columbia, Thompson and Coe went to Portland, and there met Messrs. Ainsworth, Hoyt, Reid, and other owners of steam-boats engaged in the carrying trade of that part of Oregon. The result of the meeting was the organization of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, now known as the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. With only a short interval, John C. Ainsworth was the president of the corporation from the time of its inception, in 1864, to the day when he sold its boats, wharves, railways, and franchises to Henry Villard, in 1879. The company was of almost inestimable value to Portland, and immensely aided its commercial interests. The transportation facilities which it afforded made the city the centre of all development. The whole country, from the far south to the extreme east, became its tributary.

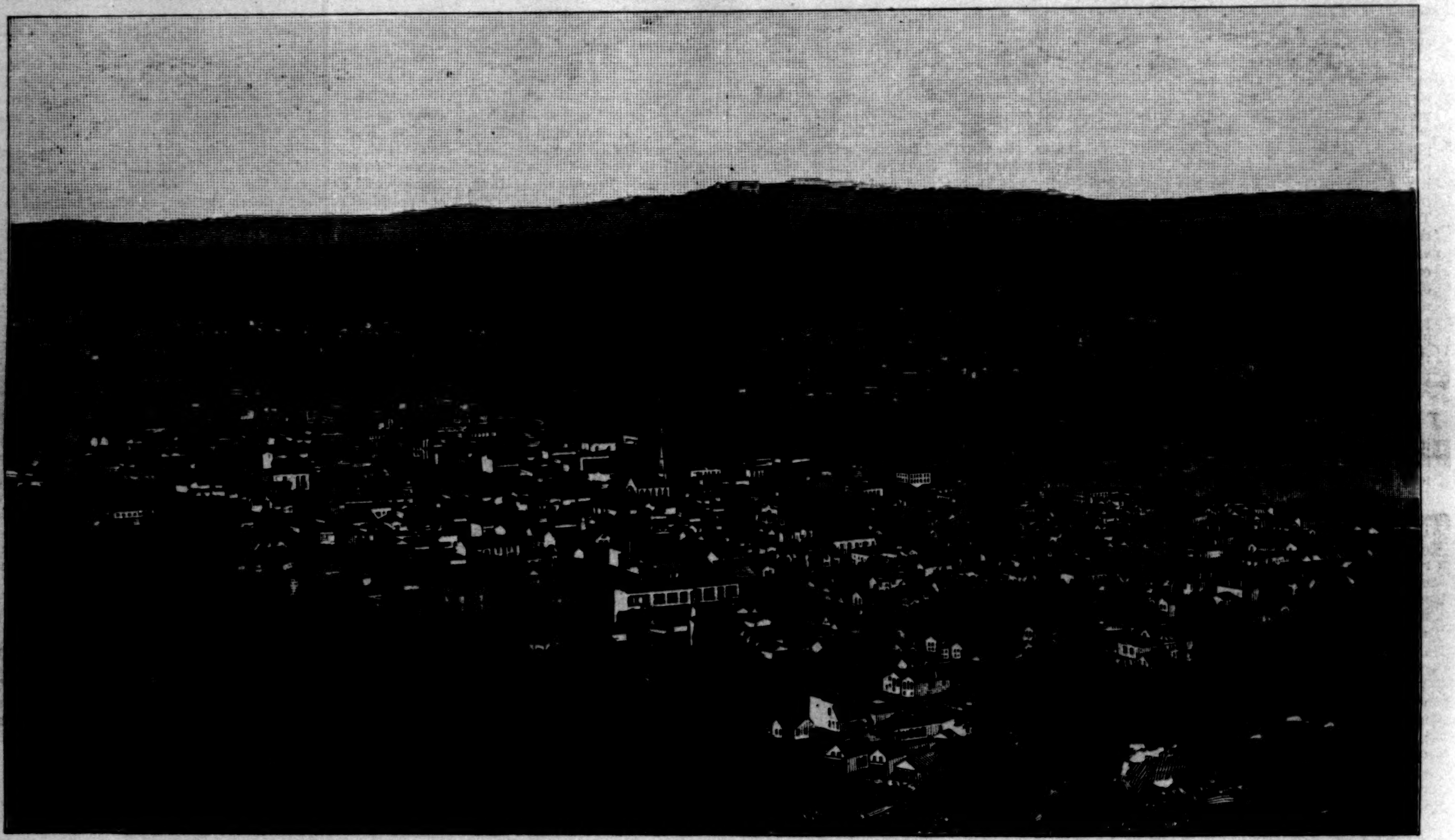
The present transportation facilities enjoyed by Portland are furnished by steamers that ply between it and San Francisco, British Columbia, and Alaska; by smaller boats on the upper and lower Columbia and the Willamette; by the Oregon and California Railroad, now a part of the Southern Pacific system, and which affords direct communication with San Francisco; by the Northern Pacific, built eastward past Tacoma; and by the Oregon Railway and Navigation road, which follows the Columbia nearly to its junction with the Snake, and there connects with the Union Pacific and with the Northern. Besides these roads, there is the Canadian Pacific, whose terminus is at Vancouver, B. C., a town just north of Puget Sound. The latter road has its own line of boats, and is a sharp competitor for Portland's favors. The west shore branch of the Oregon and California is also an important road, and gives the city direct connection with a large and fertile agricultural country. But two of the railways enter Portland proper. These are the west shore branch and the Northern Pacific. The others make their terminus at East Portland, just across the river. The present year, however, will see the completion of the new Oregon Railway and Navigation bridge over the Willamette, and very possibly the Oregon and California will also make its terminus in the city proper.

The business section of Portland extends nearly two miles along the river-front, and westward as far as Third Street. Front Street, nearest the water, is the great wholesale thoroughfare of the city, while First Street is given over to the retailers. There are nearly 8000 Chinese in Portland, and their quarters are on Third Street, in nearly the centre of the city. Chinatown is a never-failing feature of interest to strangers, and is never without its many visitors. The "joss" houses and theatres, the market stalls and shops, present a curious contrast to the usual features of a Western city, while the Chinese themselves are fantastic or picturesque, as the case may be. The rich are dressed in silks, and wear many bright colors, while the clothes of the poor are of the cheapest material. The balconies of the houses in Chinatown are often profusely decorated with plants whose flowers give a

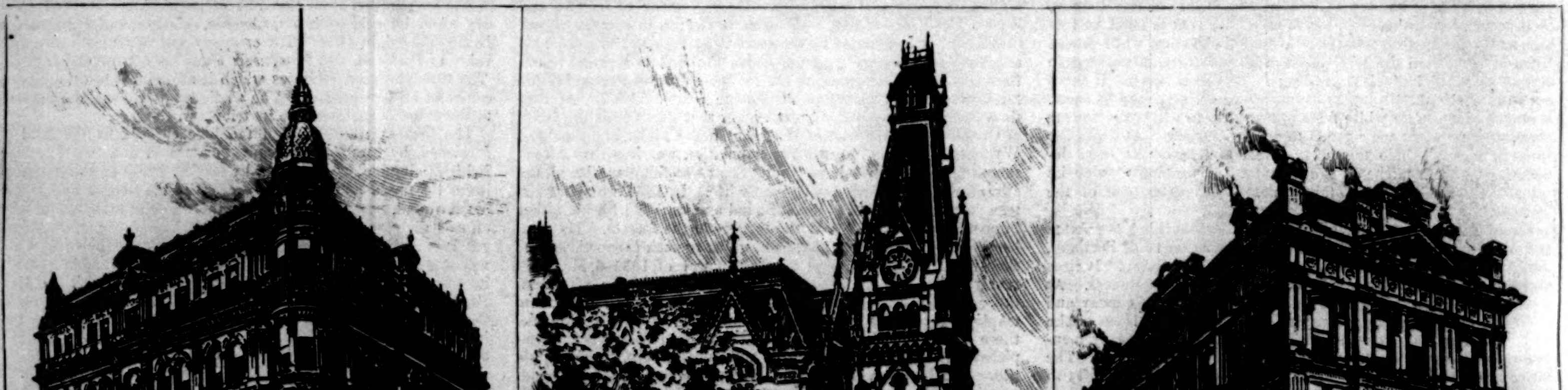
HARVEY W. SCOTT, EDITOR OF THE "OREGONIAN."

JUDGE MATTHEW P. DEADY.

WILLIAM REID, AUTHOR AND CAPITALIST.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY FROM ROBINSON'S HILL.



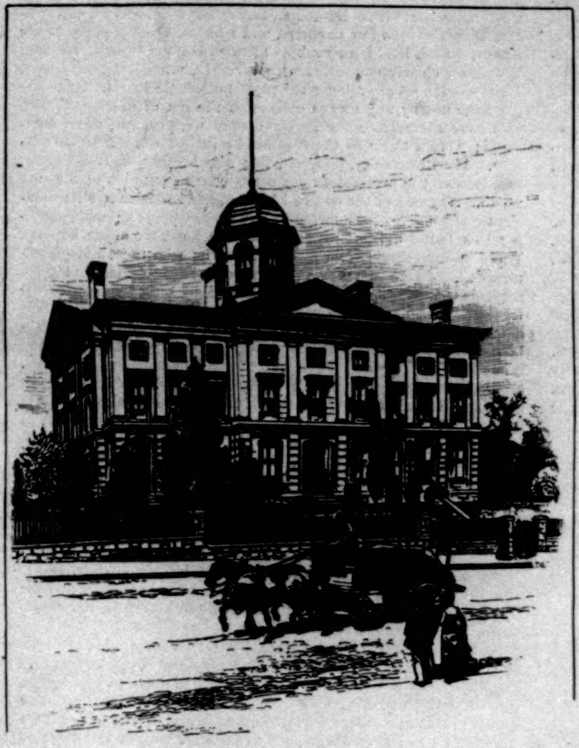
THE PORTLAND SAVINGS-BANK.

THE HIGH-SCHOOL.

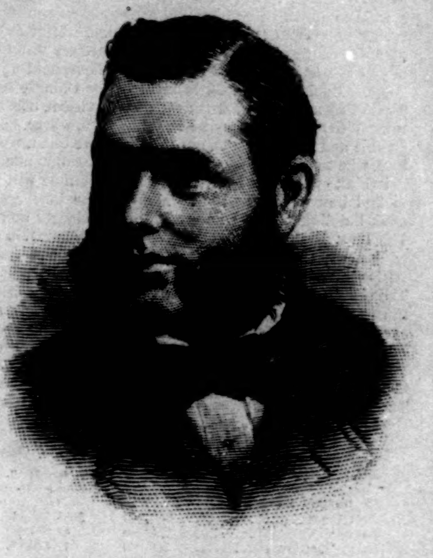
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND, OREGON.—From Sketches, and from Photographs by Partridge and J. G. Davidson.

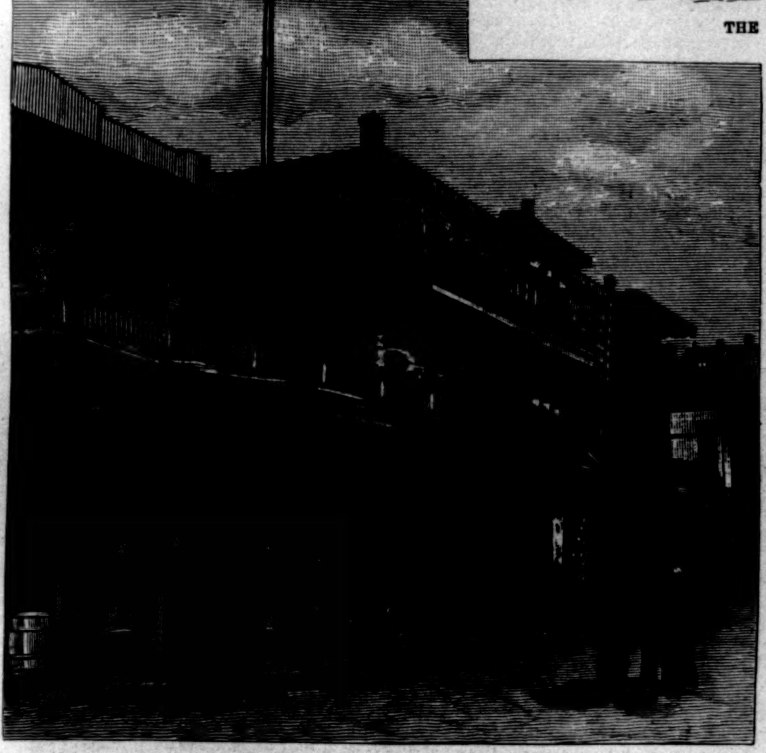
WILLIAM SARGENT LADD, BANKER.



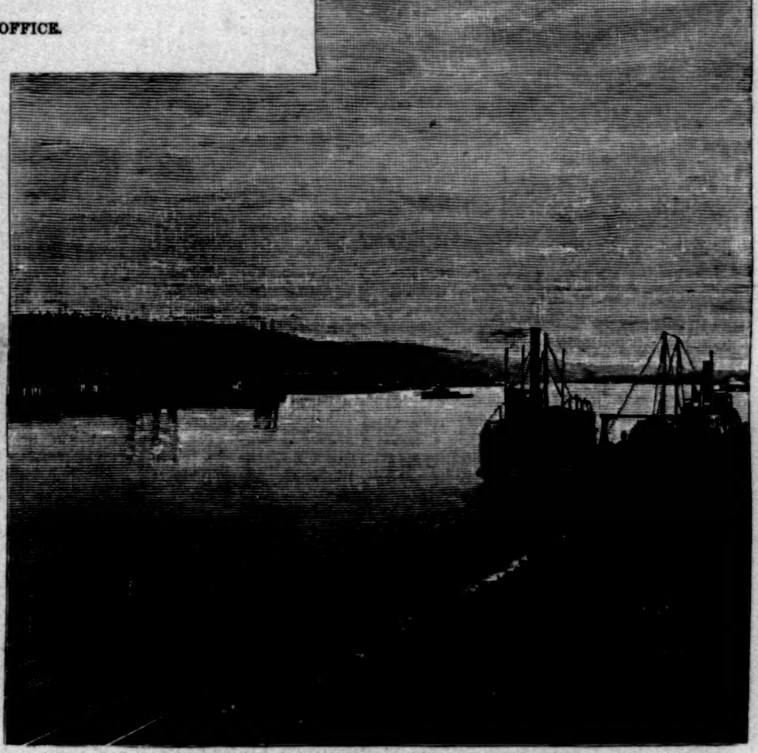
THE POST-OFFICE.



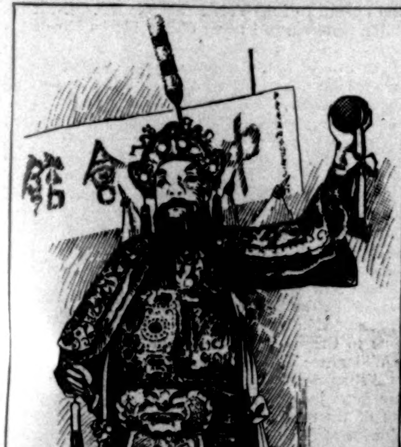
HENRY FAILING, PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.



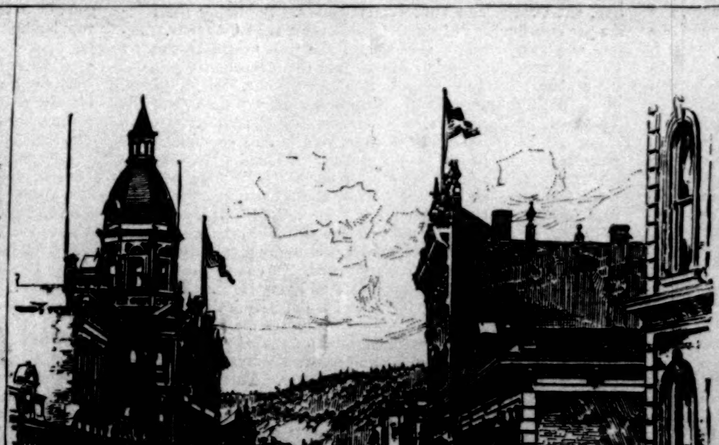
A STREET VIEW OPPOSITE THE POST-OFFICE.



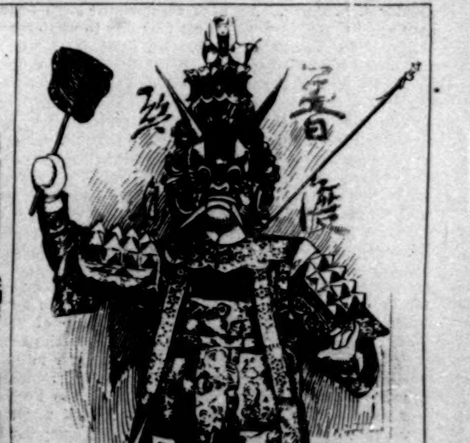
THE RIVER-FRONT.



A BENEFICENT JOSH.



FRONT STREET.



A DEVIL JOSH.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND, OREGON.—From Sketches, and from Photographs by Partridge and J. G. Davidson.